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"THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CUBA"—*First Article*

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLIII.—No. 2204
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1899

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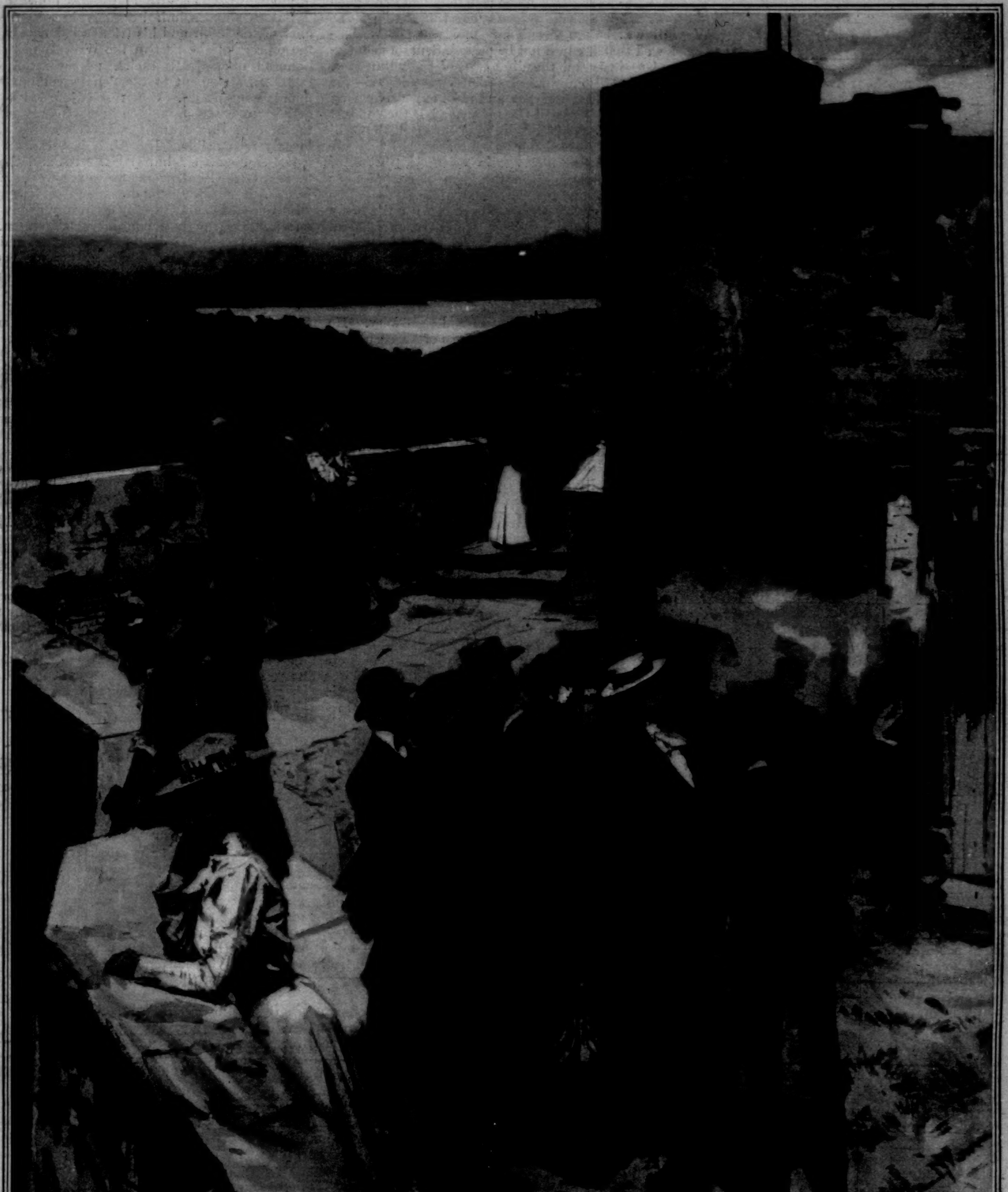


Cell where Naval-Constructor Hobson was Imprisoned.

THE SECOND INVASION OF CUBA—TOURISTS FROM THE "PARIS" AT MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

The American Line Steamer "Paris" sailed from New York, Saturday, March 4, 1899, with Four Hundred and Twenty Passengers, for a Thirty Days' Tour among the Scenes of the Military and Naval Operations of the late War.

Harper's Weekly

(*Twenty-four Pages*)

New York City, March 18, 1899

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris

The Fifty-fifth Congress

IT has not been expected of late years that Congress would advance the public welfare, and the Congress which came to an end on the 4th of March has been no exception to the rule. It is entitled, however, to primacy in wrong-doing, in general incompetency, in reckless extravagance, in disregard of obvious duties, in absolute failure to meet its responsibilities.

The members of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-fifth Congress were elected in 1896, when President McKinley was also elected. The Republican members—or most of them—won their places on the sound-money issue. They have failed, however, to fulfil the promise made for them by their party. The President called the Congress to meet in extraordinary session on March 15, 1897, for the purpose of passing a tariff law that should increase the burdens of consumers and further enrich the socialistic beneficiaries of the protective system. This was the response of the party to the demand of the country for currency legislation, for the Congress is now at an end and not a step has been taken towards the accomplishment of the purpose for which Mr. McKinley and a Republican majority of Representatives were chosen by the electors. It is apparent now that the men responsible for the conduct of the administration never intended to keep the promise of the campaign. It obtained the votes necessary to success, and was of no further interest to those who had made it. In place of currency reform, we have had protection and expansion run mad. The Dingley law is one of the blessings which the country obtained by the election of 1896. It is the crudest tariff law ever written into the statutes. Its authors—not poor Mr. Dingley, but the manufacturers who have profited by its extortions—pretended that it was a revenue measure. Time has answered that falsehood, for the act has failed to raise the revenue necessary for the ordinary expenditures of the government. For the calendar year ending December 31, 1898, the customs revenue was less than it was in the fiscal year 1890 by $47,000,000, and the total revenue was less by $21,000,000.

This Congress is also responsible for the war and its consequences. There may or may not have been occasion for war with Spain. That question is out of the realm of discussion. But it was Congress which compelled it, and which is also responsible for its evils. It forced the President into the conflict, and gave him $50,000,000 to expend without limit or direction. Then it declined to give him an adequate army. It preferred untrained volunteers. Why it did so was soon apparent, for the ink on the President's signature to the army bill was hardly dry before his own and Secretary Alger's anterooms were filled with Senators and Representatives seeking commissions for their relatives and favorites, as well as contracts for their constituents. The wretched story of the appointment of officers to the volunteer service has not been half told. Young men were placed in positions where the lives of better men were at their mercy, without any examination as to their capacity, or even after they had failed to pass an examination. Officers of the staff corps, who had been trained in staff service, exerted their influence with Congressmen to obtain commands in the field. Their vacancies were filled by other favorites who had had no military experience or training of any kind, some of whom were worse than worthless by reason of their profligacy. The brave and accomplished officers and the trained men of the regular establishment were sacrificed in order that the favorites of Congressmen might disgrace a uniform at the expense of men who adorned it. This was the manner in which the Fifty-fifth Congress prepared for the war which it had compelled. As the war went on, the influence of politics continued to be felt in the army. All efforts to establish a proper regular force were defeated. At the same time, and while they were shouting for expansion, in the face of their declaration that the war was not to be a war of aggrandizement, Congressmen insisted that the volunteer regiments should be discharged. The "boys" wanted to get back home. They found the tropics hot, uncomfortable, and unhealthy. The politicians in Congress were their friends, and they besieged the President to obtain from him the dismissal of the troops whose acceptance as soldiers of the war they had demanded only a few months before. Even when the Hull bill was before the Senate, and when it was believed that it could not be passed, Senators continued to insist on the discharge of the volunteers. Finally the compromise measure was adopted—the crudest, most dangerous, and most expensive army bill that ever passed Congress; and if the conduct of this Congress is indicative of the spirit that will prevail in future Congresses, no army bill will ever pass which does not contain a sufficient bribe for Congressional votes, in the form of commissions for ignorant and inexperienced youth.

The Congress which dealt thus with the army when the country's welfare demanded an efficient force did better by the navy. The politician who does not know on which side his sword ought to hang may feel himself competent to command a regiment, or a brigade, or even a division, but he is likely to be doubtful as to a ship. He knows that he is not familiar with steam and electricity. He thinks of the art of navigation as of an occult science. And he may have had unpleasant hours upon the rolling and upsetting seas. Nevertheless, in the last session he did his best to injure this service also. Congress postponed the passage of the needed personnel bill until the last moment, and then authorized the President to thrust some civilians into the list of officers. Finally, acceding to the proposition that the navy needed more ships, and especially battle-ships and armored cruisers, it pretended to authorize the building of both, but really prevented the construction of either by limiting the price to be paid for armor to a sum for which the steel-makers refuse to supply it.

Finally the closing hours of the session came, and these Congressmen, who eagerly shouted the government into a war which has already cost the country $483,000,000, who had obtained for their constituents places and offices, and contracts for pork, beef, and transportation, who had made out of the war all that there was in it for them, were so busy passing other measures, in which there was more "pork," that they forgot the heroes of the war, and permitted the bills for their promotion and reward to fall. The old pension agent had not been forgotten, nor the public buildings, nor the hungry rivers and harbors, but the soldiers and sailors who had fought at El Caney and at San Juan, and who had put an end to the war by destroying Cervera's fleet—all these were forgotten; for there was absolutely nothing that Congressmen could make for themselves or their strikers by simply formulating the gratitude of the country into laws that would comfort the declining days of the heroes who had borne the brunt of the conflict.

The war had put upon the country duties and responsibilities which were for Congress to perform and assume. Hawaii had been annexed, Puerto Rico and the Philippines were about to be ceded, Cuba was under our temporary control. Congress is charged with the task of providing governments and laws for the Territories of the United States. But not a law was passed nor a government established. The President was made temporary despot in Hawaii by a resolution, but no government at all is provided for Puerto Rico or for the Philippines, so that every act performed by the President in these islands, after the treaty of peace is ratified by Spain, must be an act of usurpation. As to Cuba, it would be difficult to say by what right the President and his troops are there to-day. Congress has thrust much responsibility upon the President, but it has denied him the necessary means with which to meet it. It has deliberately abandoned the new possessions to anarchy or a usurped dictatorship, because it either had not the intelligence to meet the emergency, or was so much interested in grabbing plunder and in working for subsidies, that it was indifferent to the interests both of the United States and of the people over whom we have assumed at least temporary government.

Considering all the burdens imposed by the war, it might have been supposed that Congress would practise economy in other directions. But the appropriations made by the Fifty-fifth Congress, excluding the war expenses, which amount thus far, as we have stated, to $483,000,000, exceed those of the Fifty-fourth Congress by $40,000,000. It has been the most extravagant, as well as the most inefficient and indifferent, Congress which ever sat in the seats of our law-makers.

Is there any hope of a better Congress? We trust so most sincerely, and we believe so too, for the thought of a continuance of such ignorance, incompetency, and indifference to the public weal, in the face of responsibilities to which our existing politicians are evidently unable to rise, would be disheartening.

IT becomes necessary to return regretfully for a moment to the controversy concerning Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley, because the conduct of the latter and his friends has deprived all the officers of the fleet in the West Indies of the honors that are justly theirs, and because Admiral Schley's statement to the Senate committee demands some notice. Congress adjourned without acting upon the promotions made as rewards for the fight of July 3, and for this the controversy is largely responsible. Indeed, it is because of the injustice done to Admiral Sampson and the captains that the controversy was ever worth pursuing. Admiral Schley's defence was said, by those who were determined to say so in any event, to be a fair, straightforward, convincing statement. On the contrary, it was disingenuous, weak, and convincing of nothing but that its writer was bent on avoiding the issue. This defence turns on a personal letter written by Admiral Sampson to Schley on May 20. It was charged by Schley's friends that the department had concealed this letter, but it turns out that Sampson had not kept a copy of it, and that the department had had no knowledge of it until Schley himself handed it in three days after Secretary Long's first statement to the Senate had been written. Moreover, this private letter contained nothing of importance that may not be found in an official letter, from Sampson to Schley, dated May 19, which is published with the other official despatches in the Appendix of the Bureau of Navigation. Assuming, however, that the letter of the 20th was an order that Schley remain at Cienfuegos, a subsequent order, that of the 21st, rescinded that order, and directed Schley to proceed at once to Santiago. In Schley's statements are two obvious errors. One is that Captain Sigsbee told him that he did not believe that Cervera was at Santiago. This has been set right by Sigsbee. Another is that on the morning of the 3d of July Schley signalled, "Clear ship for action." This must be an error, for at that time all the ships had been cleared for action for weeks. It remains the fact that Schley did not obey his orders to go at once to Santiago; that, once there, he also disobeyed his orders to maintain a strict blockade, since he kept at a safe distance off the harbor by day and fled from twenty-five to twenty-eight miles every night; that he started to go to Key West, contrary to orders; and that while he was in command Cervera might have escaped at any time. Secretary Long has greatly complicated the question by promoting Schley for honors. Now that the latter is a rear-admiral by action of the personnel law, the only thing that the President can do to right the wrong to Sampson and the captains is to recommend that Sampson be made a vice-admiral and to renew the promotions of the captains. It is beyond dispute that Sampson's plans and his blockade resulted in destroying Cervera's fleet, thus putting an end to the war. It is also beyond dispute that he was in command of his fleet, for the reason that he was within signalling distance. We are sure that Admiral Schley would willingly see Sampson put over him if he could thereby regain the place he has lost in the regard and esteem of his fellow-officers.

ONE of the striking facts, perhaps the most striking fact, in connection with the memorable dinner to Mr. Schurz, was the fine Americanism of the speeches, especially that expressed by the distinguished guest of the occasion. Mr. Schurz is not a pessimist. On the contrary, he is among the most optimistic of men. He believes in the republic, in its institutions, in its purposes, in its future. He has no sympathy with those who have lost faith in the American people, and his career and the noble speech which he made to those who celebrated his seventieth birthday are fine examples to the men who are eager to abandon American principles, to turn their backs upon the fathers and their institutions, in order to imitate the costly failures of Europe in the business of expansion and colonization.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston is trying to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to pass a bill prohibiting the display of posters and advertising signs in the neighborhood of the public parks. The city of Boston and the commonwealth of Massachusetts have between them spent about $26,000,000 for public recreation-grounds situated within fifteen miles of the Boston State House. A considerable proportion of this money has been spent for scenery, and it is the sentiment of the individuals and organizations who are urging the adoption of the measure stated that the people of the city and State are justified in demanding that the landscape which they have laid in at such large expense shall not be mutilated and disfigured by advertisements. To the general reader their position must seem reasonable, but their bill is sternly opposed by a bill-poster who proposes to put up his boards opposite the park entrances, and he is trying to marshal against it the fence and tree advertisers, so it is not certain at this writing that the bill will pass.

It would be a great relief if the whole swarm of landscape advertisers, and a large proportion of their bill-sticking brethren, could be brought to see the offensiveness of their ways and forsake their obnoxious calling. Public resentment against them is not nearly so strong as it should be. We have got so used to the encroachments of these wretches with their cards, and tin signs, and posters, and painted exhortations, that we take their audacious trespassings too much as a matter of course. A weekly paper of good standing in New York, which would doubtless refuse to publish any advertisement which it believed to be offensive to morals, was lately printing the invitation of some vandal who calls for agents to sell his particular ware, and to promote its distribution by tacking his sign on the trees and posts in their neighborhood. Think of the seared conscience of an advertiser who thus proclaims his infamous intentions! There is a law in New York State against desecrating trees and landscapes by advertisements without consent of the owner, but it does little good, partly because it is seldom enforced, partly because the average owner is prone to consent.

There has been some recent grumbling in New York about the great excess of street-car advertising, and especially as to the bill-boards and signs with which the thrifty Elevated railroad has clogged and disfigured its stations. These things are clearly subject to regulation by law, and may get attention, especially as it is so fashionable just now to attend to the Elevated. In the street cars in all cities available space is so engrossed by paid advertisements that the necessary notices of the companies that operate the lines have to be pasted on the windows, to the grievous limitation of the passengers' right to look out upon the passing street.

There is altogether too much enterprise in the railroad, placard, poster, and handbill advertising business, and altogether too little regard for human rights. The eye has as reasonable a right to be protected against ruthless and unnecessary offence as the ear and the nose. Some time when this important truth has been brought home to boards of health there may be changes for the better.

BUFFALO is to have $500,000 for her fair from her Uncle Samuel, and $300,000 from the State of New York. Uncle Sam, having constitutional or other scruples about giving his money outright, is to have the spending of it himself, but it is all to go into the fair in the form of a government exhibit. The $300,000 subscribed by the State neither satisfies Buffalo's cravings nor affects her hopes of getting more. She welcomes it as a good beginning, and trusts that the State, having made so good a start, will do still better next year.

Buffalo has not yet applied for a special issue of pan-American postage-stamps, or for any variations of the coinage in her favor, but of course she will. Let it be coins this time. The big placard postage-stamps are tiresome and unhealthy to lick, whereas a nice set of coins with scenes from Buffalo's history would be welcome to every one. There are plenty of available scenes—the Opening of the Hamburg Canal, Good-enough Morgan crossing the Niagara River, Millard Fillmore's Triumphant Return, Grover Cleveland's Triumphant Departure; these and many other incidents of striking historical interest could be appropriately delineated on a Buffalo silver dollar.

At this writing the fair is wrestling with the Sunday question, and at last accounts the Senate at Albany had voted to allow the art and educational departments to keep open on the Lord's day.

INASMUCH as the late Congress gave us so little to be thankful for in the matter of naval promotions, there is the more reason to rejoice that it managed to reward Admiral Dewey. Under the act of March 2 creating the rank of Admiral, the President nominated him for that rank, and the Senate promptly confirmed the nomination. So now he is Admiral Dewey, ranking officer of the navy, entitled to fly a blue flag with four stars on it, to wear as much gold lace on his uniform as he can carry, and to draw from $13,000 to $14,500 a year as long as he lives. This is much bigger pay than any other officer of the navy or army at present receives, since it exceeds the remuneration a grateful country accords to General Miles by about $5000. There have been only two American Admirals before Dewey. The grade was created for Farragut, and Porter succeeded to it. After Porter's death it lapsed, and is now revived to express a sentiment of national appreciation to which there is practically no dissent.

IT is not yet entirely clear why the nomination of Congressman Barrows to be Librarian of the Congressional Library failed to be confirmed. The Senate committee to which it was referred disapproved it, and there was so good a prospect that the Senate would reject the nomination that it was allowed to lapse without being voted on. Mr. Barrows was criticised for over-activity in his own interest, and for that or some other reason his chief backers seemed to grow lukewarm. The appointment was again offered to him by the President after Congress had adjourned, but he declined it on the ground that he could not do justice to the Library without the hearty support of the Senate. It is said that the next Congress may be induced to raise the salary of the place, and that then it may be possible to secure the services of Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Library. If the defeat of Mr. Barrows should lead to the appointment of a more experienced person, we shall be reconciled to it, but the possibility of going farther and faring worse warrants considerable disquietude among those who are anxious that the management of the National Library should be in thoroughly competent hands.

THE bills now before the State Legislature to free the Gerry Society from the supervision of the State Board of Charities are of much interest. The Gerry Society, more formally known as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, does a great deal of good, and is very favorably regarded. But it is intrusted with extraordinary powers, which are liable to abuse; and when its powers are abused, or exercised in cases in which interference is not fully warranted, great hardships result, which are very hard to remedy. Its agents may arrest any person who seems to them to offend against the statute which defines cruelty to children, may take from its parents any child which they believe to be subject to improper treatment, go with it before a magistrate, and apply to have it committed to their charge. Once the child is committed, nothing but a difficult and expensive legal process avails to restore it to its parents. The Gerry agents are most useful, and no informed person will disparage the importance of their work, or grudge to the society that employs them the authority necessary to carry out its lawful purposes. But the Gerry agents are human and make mistakes, and it is not quite clear why the society should be relieved of the moderate degree of supervision that is felt to be wholesome for all the other charitable institutions of the State. If Mr. Gerry argues that he and his society can do no wrong, the ready answer is that we know better. On the whole, it is a satisfaction to remember that if these bills pass the Legislature, as seems likely, they will come under the eye of a Governor who is particularly well qualified to judge of their expediency, and who will not sign them unless they commend themselves to his conscientious judgment.

THE public mind is pretty much relieved at last about Mr. Kipling, albeit the death of his daughter has touched with sadness a rejoicing that is affectionately sincere. There was a general hope and a desire most eager, though not destined to be fulfilled, that he and his wife might take home no association of lasting sadness with this country.

MR. JOHN M. COOK, who died in London on March 3, was the inventor of the irrepressible and omnipresent Cook's tourist, and the head of the house that for half a century has promoted the peregrinations of inquisitive travellers. Since the days of Peter the Hermit there has been no man whose incitements have been so potent as Mr. Cook's to induce folks to leave comfortable homes and wander over the face of Europe. It is interesting to read that he finally came to what must be regarded as a fitting and glorious end. He had lived by the tourist; he finally died by him. A reputation based on a record of extraordinary efficiency in the care and transportation of wilful nomads finally brought him the opportunity of conducting the Emperor of Germany from Berlin to Jerusalem. He took the job, after some haggling, on his own terms, and accomplished it. It was the greatest undertaking of the sort ever handled, and brought Mr. Cook the applause of mankind and the order of the Golden Crown of Prussia. But it was his crowning achievement. The twenty-seven pashas, with seventy-nine attendants, who unexpectedly hooked on to the imperial party at Constantinople, necessitated feats of provision and management which, though successfully performed, proved too great a strain on powers impaired by age. The Emperor made his trip, changed his plans every day, and got safely back to Berlin. Mr. Cook received his congratulations and sat down to rest. But it seems that his strength did not return. We are told that he never went to his office after the conclusion of the Emperor's tour, and a month ago he formally retired from business. His fame, however, is secure, and the future historian may discuss whether, after all, it wasn't a bigger job to carry the German imperialties and the twenty-seven supplementary pashas to Jerusalem than to steer 25,000 able-bodied soldiers across the desert to Khartum.

MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF, who died in Brooklyn on March 4, was best known as the artificer of pictures of children poor in raiment and this world's goods, but rich in imagination and highly gifted in language. These pictures by Woolf have been familiar for the last fifteen years or more in the American illustrated papers and magazines. They were comic pictures, but with a streak of pathos in them, and in their endless variety they never grew stale. The expression of grandiloquent sentiments in high-flown periods came natural to Woolf's waifs, for their creator's early calling was the stage. He was born in London sixty-two years ago, came to America when a lad of twelve, and in his youth was an actor in Philadelphia. Some of his first drawings appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, to which he contributed several cartoons at the time of the fight against Tweed, and later in the Hayes-Tilden campaign. Personally he was a kind and genial man, who is affectionately remembered by those with whom he came in contact.

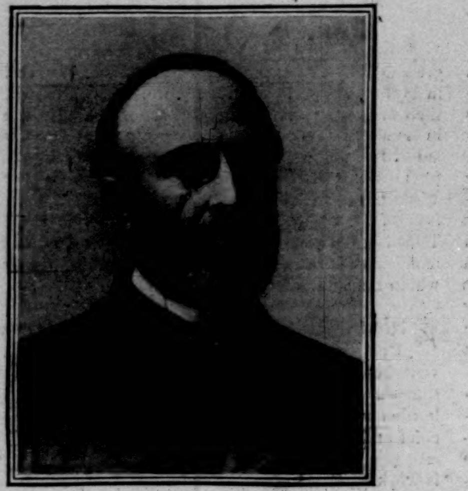
A MEMBER of the Women's Christian Temperance Union sends to the WEEKLY, from Providence, a fervent remonstrance against the "ill-natured things" which sometimes appear on this page about that society. The burden of her letter is that drunkenness is a great mischief and causes profound distress, and that therefore decent people ought not to criticise an organization "which is working to stamp out the evil of intemperance."

No one doubts that the W. C. T. U.'s aims are good, and not many persons doubt that its influence is valuable. It is a great organization, with an active conscience, and abounding in energy. Its general purpose is the promotion of temperance, purity, and righteousness. But one may sympathize with its general aims, and yet dissent often from the means it uses to promote them. One may realize all the miseries and disadvantages of drunkenness and yet fail to be convinced of the efficacy of prohibition as a preventive of it; one may concede that total abstinence is necessary to the welfare of some persons and expedient for many, without believing that it is a practicable or desirable rule for all; one may believe that a certain amount of instruction about the physiological effects of alcohol on the human system may be good for school-children, and yet realize that there may easily be too much of a good thing, and that school-children may easily be overdosed with anti-alcoholic treatises. One may believe, in brief, that the W. C. T. U. is a valuable force and a useful leaven in the world, and yet be far from persuaded of the wisdom of all its attempts or the strength of all its positions.

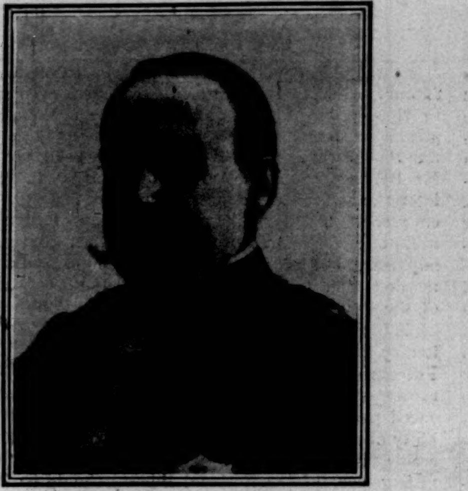
It should not look upon all its critics as enemies who want to see it fail. Many of its critics are friends whose bark is largely due to an interest in its welfare. Criticism, and even opposition, can hardly be fatal to any reformatory organization which is really fit to live. What would probably use the W.C.T.U. up quickest would be to have things entirely its own way. If it could come into power, like a political party, pass all the laws it wanted, enforce all the laws it passed, and regulate everybody's habits according to the views of its members, we should see what we should see, but we should not long see the W.C.T.U., for that would pass swiftly out of existence in a tumult of popular execration.

Hence we observe the usefulness of criticism and opposition in keeping the W. C. T. U. alive. It is like all the political parties in being good so long as it does not succeed too much. Every political party that succeeds too much has to be squelched. The over-success of the W.C.T.U. would interfere so much with the personal habits and preferences of so many persons that it would get a much harder setting down than any party of mere politicians. If it is to win us to a belief in temperance induced by prohibition and in purity induced by strait-jackets, it must win us in spite of our outcries and expostulations. A convert that has to be gagged before he will admit conversion will bolt out of the fold the first time the bars are down. The persuasion that lasts is the sort that convinces the remonstrant, not the sort that gags him.

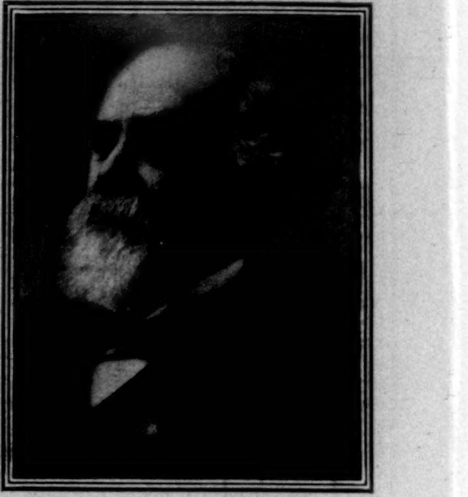
THE amount of temperance instruction administered to the pupils of the public schools in Massachusetts is unsatisfactory to sundry persons, and the legislative committee on education has been hearing the advocates and opponents of a bill to regulate further the prescribed teaching of physiology and hygiene in the public schools by defining more exactly the schools in which they shall be taught, the methods employed, and the text-books used. The first opponent of the bill, heard on February 28, was President Capen of Tufts College, who appeared for the State Board of Education. Denying that the remonstrants whom he represented were in league with the rumsellers, he objected as a teacher and as a parent to the compulsory use in the schools of graded physiological text-books which must give one-fifth of their space to the effects of narcotics and alcoholic drinks. He was against that sort of teaching. "You can't teach a child five years old with a text-book," he said, and declared, too, that the iteration of a thing on the mind of a child day after day makes him abhor it. His protests were supported by others—especially by the Rev. Charles Fleischer, of the Boston School Board, who protested against too much iteration of the same ideas. What the temperance reformers seem to want in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, is to have a certain fixed amount of anti-alcohol and anti-tobacco instruction given to the public-school children in the course of every year of their school life. The general idea of giving this instruction is acceptable to many educators who oppose and resent the laws which seek to override all private judgment of school boards, teachers, and parents in the matter. The desire of the reformers is to create a machine which will teach temperance and morality with the least possible amount of human intervention. The educators doubt the efficiency of such machines, and are sceptical of the possibility of forming character by clock-work.



FRANCISCO SILVELA,
Spain's new Premier.



MARQUÉS DE POLAVIEJA,
Spain's new Secretary of War.



MONROE LELAND HAYWARD,
United States Senator from Nebraska.

The New Spanish Cabinet

THE cry "Down with the Jesuits!" which greeted in the Cortes the new Spanish cabinet, gave pretty nearly the key-note of that cabinet's policy. Its chief, or president, Señor Don Francisco Silvela, was spoken of in the following terms by Emilio Castelar, the greatest statesman of Spain, in an article he wrote quite recently to the Madrid *El Liberal:* "I have to discuss the conduct of Señor D. Francisco Silvela and of Marqués de Polavieja as my political enemies in general; but in the private life they are both my friends, and very good friends; so God forbid that I should offend or illtreat them, thus forgetting their patriotic and correct intentions, and the famous and honorable names they bear... All the political tendencies of Señor Silvela are summed up in two—which are ultramontanism and regionalism." A little further on, Castelar, who, after having been a strong radical and president of the ephemeral Spanish republic of 1874, has become a moderate Republican, almost rallied to the constitutional monarchy, says, "Silvela admits himself that he receives his policy and his line of conduct from the Vatican's counsels." The Deputies of the Madrid Cortes who protested against the new cabinet of Silvela by the cry "Down with the Jesuits!" were therefore in unison with the opinion expressed by the moderate and old patriarch of Spanish politics, whose article was written before the accession of Silvela to power.

The two wings of the anti-Liberal army could hardly have found a leader more skilful and able than Señor D. Francisco Silvela, whose talents as a politician and an administrator had been evidenced during his tenure of office as Minister of Gobernacion several years ago. Like Cæsar, Señor Silvela prefers to be the first man in a Spanish village than to be the second at Madrid; and he evidenced this propensity in his relations with Canovas del Castillo, the acknowledged leader for so many years of the Conservative party. Silvela disrupted that party into two factions and placed himself at the head of the ultras, inclined to be more royalists than the King and more clericals than the Pope himself. The formation of that faction often caused great embarrassments to the Conservative ministerial party, and the orthodox Canovists seem not yet to have forgiven Silvela. At the beginning of last January they coldly received him when he delivered a speech at a general meeting of the Conservatives; and more than one of the latter did not stop at declaring Silvela's attitude to be factious. This sentiment explains why he was not generally recognized as leader of the whole Conservative party immediately after the assassination of Canovas by the anarchist Angiolillo. It took nearly two years before the mantle of the murdered statesman could fall upon the shoulders of Silvela; and even now it seems, according to cable despatches, that the Duke of Tetuan, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, with twenty-seven Conservative Senators and Deputies, have decided to oppose the new cabinet and will form a dissident group.

His accession to the Premiership seems, however, to have inspired Señor Silvela with less reactionary ideas than those he entertained formerly. His programme of government is in conformity with the most essential requisites of modern civilization. But all will depend on the manner in which that programme is applied in the practice; and it is to be hoped that the new Premier will not forget entirely that he was at a time a Republican, though a doctrinarian and Catholic Republican. He has surrounded himself, in his cabinet, with men of talent and reputation. Marquis of Villaverde, Minister of Finance, is an able financier, knowing the actual and most pressing wants of unfortunate Spain. He is in favor of an income tax and the recognition and guarantee of the colonial debt. The Minister of War, General Polavieja, has spent his whole life in the army, which he has commanded on the field and as captain-general in Cuba and the Philippines. The Minister of the Interior, Señor Dato, has distinguished himself by his attacks in the Cortes against a municipal council of Madrid which had impaired the public funds. Señor Duran, a Catalan protectionist, and Admiral Gomez Imaz, are respectively Minister of Justice and of the Navy.

F. A.

Senator Hayward

THE election of Judge Hayward, Republican, of Nebraska City, as the successor in the United States Senate of W. V. Allen, Populist, terminated, November 8, a Senatorial contest which had continued for seven weeks, and had been the most stubborn in the history of Nebraska.

Monroe Leland Hayward is a member of a family which has been established in this country since about the middle of the eighteenth century. He was born in Sillsboro, Essex County, New York, December 22, 1840. At the beginning of the civil war he enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Infantry, but was transferred to the Fifth Cavalry, and served with the latter organization until 1862, when he fell sick. Returning to his home, he entered Fort Edwards College and completed the course; then studied law at Whitewater, Wisconsin, and in 1867 settled at Nebraska City, Nebraska, where he has continued to reside and practise his profession. In 1873 he served as a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and in 1886 was appointed by the Governor to fill out the remainder of a term on the bench. Otherwise he has held no conspicuous offices hitherto. His present success was attained, however, through a recognition of a virtual triumph in the apparent defeat of last autumn, when he was the Republican candidate for the office of Governor, and though he failed of election, cut down the fusion majority from 18,000 to 3000.

Puerto Rico's Cabinet

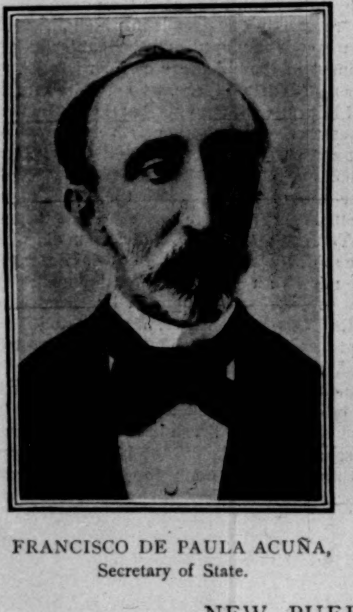
GENERAL HENRY dissolved the Rivera cabinet because of its "incompatibility with American methods"; we may assume therefore that his new assistants—though they represent different professions, and, as their portraits show, different generations—have in common the habit of looking to Washington and New York, rather than to Madrid, for guidance in dealing with New World problems.

The new Secretary of State, Don Francisco de Paula Acuña, was engaged in the practice of the law in Mayaguez from 1862 to 1865. He moved to San Juan after his three years of provincial experience, and in the courts of the capital made an excellent reputation. General Brooke selected him for the office of Attorney of the Supreme Court of Justice. He has been instrumental in stimulating intellectual effort, as the organizer and president of the Literary and Scientific Athenæum and as director of the Economic Society of the Friends of the Country. Upon the installation of the autonomic government, he served as president of the first council.

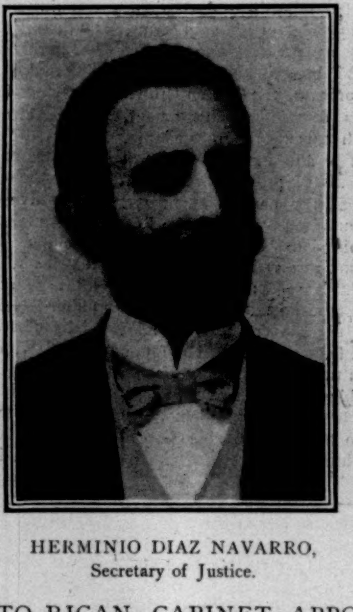
The Secretary of Justice, Herminio Diaz Navarro, is favorably known for his thorough acquaintance with the laws and institutions of the island. He has occupied judicial positions with credit, and has taken rank as a prominent Liberal. Under the Spanish régime he was twice sent as Representative to the Insular Cámara, and, when Spain granted autonomy to Puerto Rico he was unanimously elected president of that House.

The Secretary of Interior is Don Federico Degetau, author of several novels, tales of travel, and scientific works. In association with Matienzo Cintron, he founded the party of republican principles, first called the "Historic," but now popularly known as the Radical party. A number of American engineers have been assigned to the Department of the Interior, to the end that in future there may actually be internal improvements, and not merely taxation and neglect, as in the past.

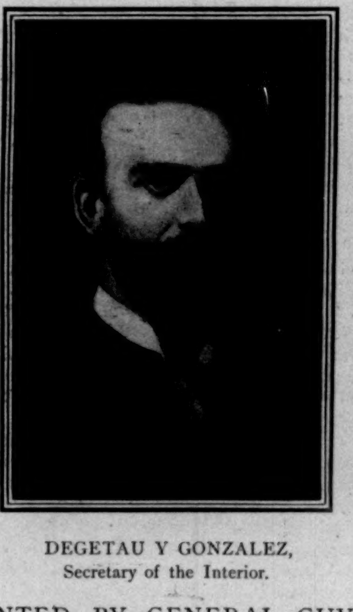
Dr. Coll y Toste, Secretary of Finance, is the only member of the lately dissolved cabinet whom General Henry retained. He is the author of a history of Puerto Rico, and (though vowed to the practice of medicine) his devotion to literary and scientific studies has earned for him the sobriquet of "Encyclopædia." His American sympathies are strong; he is opposed to a colonial policy and favors a more intimate union. By conscientious investigations he has brought to light the irregularities of Spanish officials who controlled the finances, and is engaged in the effort to restore order in the affairs of his department.



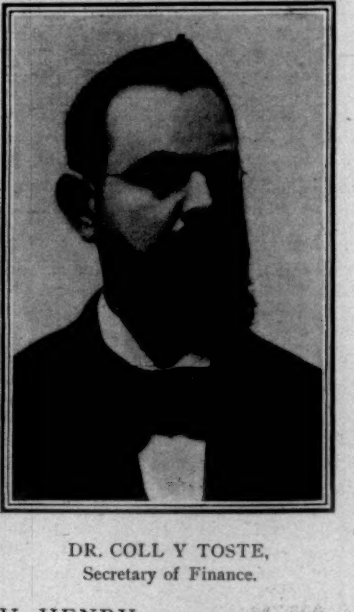
FRANCISCO DE PAULA ACUÑA,
Secretary of State.



HERMINIO DIAZ NAVARRO,
Secretary of Justice.

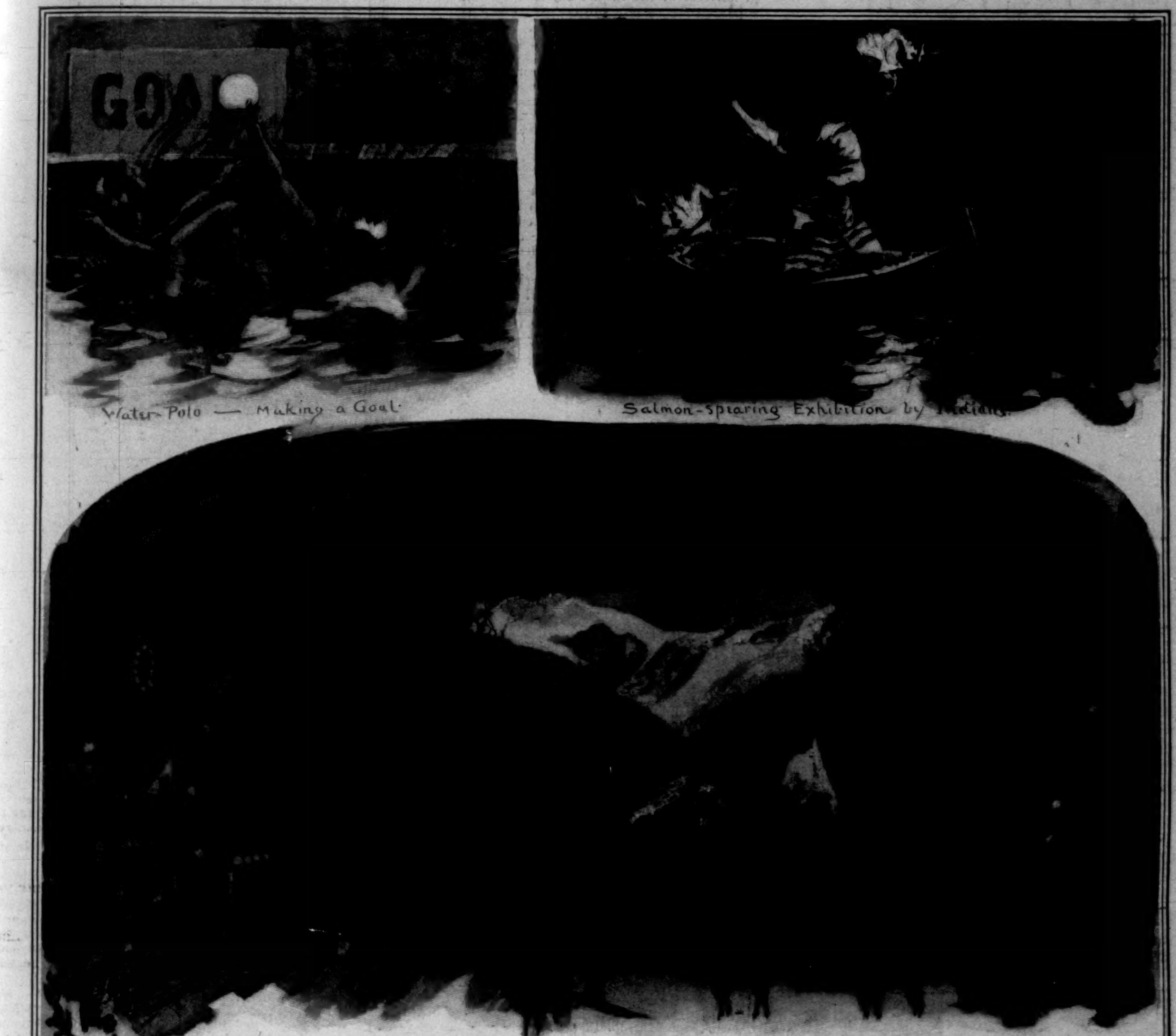


DEGETAU Y GONZALEZ,
Secretary of the Interior.



DR. COLL Y TOSTE,
Secretary of Finance.

NEW PUERTO-RICAN CABINET, APPOINTED BY GENERAL GUY V. HENRY.


GOAL
Water-Polo — Making a Goal
Salmon-Spearing Exhibition by Indians
General View
W. A. Rogers
Gun Exhibit — Examining Rifles

AT THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. A. ROGERS.

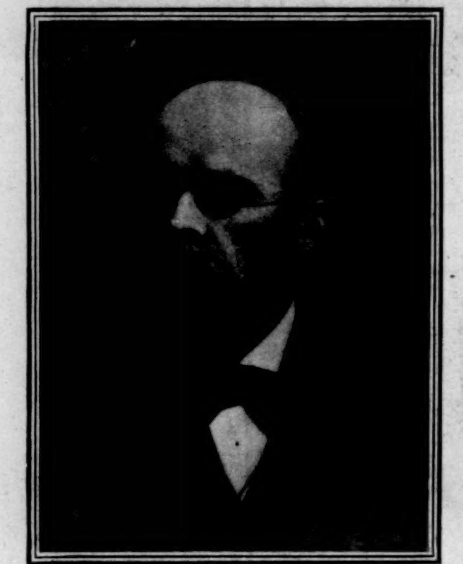
MUSIC

"Le Prophète" at the Metropolitan.

SHALL we confer of operatic matters and things in general yet again? They are inflexible even in their uttermost pulsations, making the most of each moment of their hour with New-Yorkers. Concerts of all kinds confessedly are subject to them. Moreover, these concluding weeks of the Metropolitan's phenomenal season have been marked by incidents of interest, alternately musical and unmusical. The sunny melodiousness of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," Meyerbeer's stately and prolix "Le Prophète," and the first performance of Mancinelli's romantic "Ero e Leandro" (this last novelty, the winter's only one, coming too late for discussion until another issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY) successively have been advertised. "Le Prophète" was sung in French, except as to the chorus parts. It invited the first use here of the original libretto in a long course of years. The production—which hardly could be claimed as a "revival," a word often misused—gave Madame Brema a fine opportunity to show what a powerful singer and actress she can be in other than Wagnerian dramas. Her *Fides* was an uncommon assumption; nobly sung, and tragic throughout in impressiveness. Madame Lehmann, hardly recovered from her illness, made much of the minor rôle of *Bertha*, though her normal flexibility of voice and its full volume were not yet granted to her. Mr. Jean de Reszke is always a poetical *Jean de Leyde*. But he is by no means the peer of Tamagno, whose second best part is met in the Visionary of Munster, with his white robes and dreams, his ambition, and his unfilial denial of his mother. The performance was energetic; but uneven and a poor one spectacularly. "Lohengrin" and "Rigoletto" have been on the bills also. The Nibelungen Tetralogy in a third extra series is now in progress. Next Saturday night ends our season. Therewith Mr. Grau and his tuneful brigade go to Boston for a brief starry sojourn.

A Possible Mozart Cyclus in 1899-1900.

The "Nozze di Figaro" evening, when Madame Eames and Madame Sembrich sang the "Sull' aria" Letter Duet and, respectively, their "Dovo sono," and "Deh, vieni" airs, as one hears them sung only by special grace in an opera-goer's whole lifetime, was a reminder that the project of something like a Mozart cyclus has been mooted for next winter. The idea is pleasing. But I fear it is neither practicable nor certain to be paying to the management, even with star casts like those which Mr. Grau probably will offer. Mozart, to begin with, is not really suitable to our large Opera House. In music and action the Mozart operas all beseech restricted—nay, really small—stages. The sense of intimacy between singers and audience is needed, and there must be no straining of ears to listen. Again, a real Mozart cyclus, given as such a thing is given on some of the German stages authoritative in Mozart, would call for more than just the three operas that New York knows best and most affectionately, to wit, "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "The Magic Flute." To make what is a German Mozart cyclus at Vienna or Carlsruhe, or such as occurs in Dresden or Munich, the management should start out with "Idomeneus"; and included with the other works perhaps ought to appear the lively "Die Entführung," the "Cosi Fan Tutte," and possibly that severe and unequal curiosity "La Clemenza di Tito." This last would be a revival indeed! I fear we would find so much Mozart rather more antiquated than entertaining. To produce in cyclus the first three operas above named, and to add the grave and noble "Idomeneus," might be a middle course of success. It is also worth while to note that a Mozart cyclus with the present scenery and costuming at the Metropolitan is not to be expected with pleasure; and that before it be attempted the stage business needs a great deal of setting to rights. Operatic comedy, like other comedy, depends for effect on detail. Beaumarchais was a meticulous man in theatrical details, and Lorenzo da Ponte transferred the essence of Beaumarchais to the libretti he drafted for Mozart.



DR. PAUL KLENGEL,
Conductor of the Liederkranz Society, New York.

The Metropolitan Opera House in 1899-1900.

The other occurrences calling for a paragraph are not lyrical, though they have much to do with the Opera House being of its pecuniary bone and sinew. The annual business meeting of the Metropolitan's Board of Directors took place last week. The Maurice Grau Opera Company renewed its lease of the theatre for three years beyond the lease now subsisting. There were good feeling, congratulations, an accounting, and a dividend. The season for next winter, accordingly, is already in active contemplation, and it has so far been brought to the definite as to be given an approximate date of its opening—the middle of December. There will be fifteen weeks. The retarded date will enable Mr. Grau to convoy his company as far west as San Francisco, and thence to approach New York by convenient stages, Chicago of course being a special halt. The lease is on the basis of Mr. Grau's payment of $50,000 per annum. The arrangement by which the boxholders in the Metropolitan will have their all-important privileges is on the basis of $67,000, the rent named being deducted from this subscription of those boxholders who are also stockholders in the Metropolitan. Mr. Grau thus has only seventeen thousand dollars over his obligation as lessee—certainly not a large sum. Of course the subscriptions for boxes by many persons not stockholders will be added to the official guarantee, as usual; and the subscription for seats other than in boxes will be a trifle less expensive, as the season is to be shorter than the one now ending.

"Rigoletto" in English.

In its estimable work for the cause of grand opera sung in English, the American Theatre Opera Company (to give it the title that seems now to be preferred by the Castle Square Company's management), "Rigoletto" was taken up last week. So far as concerned the cast which presented the work, Verdi was more indebted to Miss Yvonne de Treville (*Gilda*), to Miss Lizzie Macnichol (*Maddalena*), and to Mr. Norman (*Sparafucile*) than to the other protagonists. Mr. Bagway, a barytone new to the troupe, undertook the title part, but, with a fairly robust and tuneful voice, sang in a language merely by courtesy to be received as English. The chorus was, as usual, a trustworthy and discreet factor. The announcement from the American of the establishment of a similar company in Chicago, to begin work at once, has been received with much favor in that city.

Haydn's "The Creation" Centenary by the Liederkranz Society.

There is suitability in every way in the elaborate celebration of the hundredth year of existence of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," taking place this week under the auspices of the rich and vigorous Liederkranz Society of this city. The centenary is curiously exact. "The Creation" was first heard in public on March 19, 1799, in the National Theatre in Vienna—although there had been an aristocratic private performance of it at the Schwarzenberg Palace a year earlier. The Liederkranz certainly has spared no pains to give the oratorio excellently. It should be an unusual as well as an honorable offering and commemoration. Dr. Paul Klengel, the present director of the musical work of the Liederkranz, is a musician of superior gifts, as well as a leader of decision, and he superintends the incident as if it were a labor of love as well as a charge. At this writing, the solo members will include Madame Clementine de Vere and Messrs. Evan Williams and John Dempsey. The concert, to be given in Carnegie Hall, will have occurred when these lines are in print.

Haydn's Old Oratorio, and Newer Oratorios.

We may—indeed, we must—admit that the cadences of Haydn's choral master-work do not rise to the whole duty and majesty of the theme if we happen to go and listen to them with ears reminiscent of even Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; to say nothing of the openly dramatic oratorios which the more ardent temperaments of Gounod and Verdi and Liszt and Dvorák and Franck and Tinel have evolved. With their best works—"The Redemption," "Mors et Vita," the "Gran Cathedral Mass," the "Manzoni" Requiem, "The Nativity," "St. Francis of Assisi," or almost what you will—the theatre over and over again is felt by us to be just around the corner. Sometimes, bag and baggage, the composers bundle themselves and us into it! As a proof of that, Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" is now presented as an opera out and out. I do not bring forward the new oratorio-builder of Italy, the Abbate Perosi. Perosi is not yet a really clear type to most of us, and the enthusiasm of those correspondents at Milan or Rome who write about the young priest-musician who is setting the Emilia afire sounds in many ways intemperate. But we need not be wholly contemporary in comparisons. When the chorales of Bach, and the thunders of the Handelian voice are about us, then, too, "The Creation" does not appear to best advantage. We are amused at its imitations as "programme" music, and I doubt if the famous musical picture of the calm rising of the moon dissolves into tears a fair proportion of New York or Boston or London auditors, as it used of old invariably to do. But "The Creation" remains a monument of loveliness and dignity, in spite of its more vociferous successors. Its religious quality also is far more sincere than many pompous "operas in ecclesiastical costume," as Dr. von Bülow unkindly said of Verdi's "Requiem." Haydn's voice could be, and was, frivolous and unecclesiastical in his masses. Called on their title-pages "solemn," they do not "breathe solemnity all pure" to be desired in compositions for a peculiarly sacred office, and for the public worship of God. Palestrina and the Sixtine Chapel rebuke them forever. In that error, or short sight, Haydn was like Mozart, Rossini, Neukomm, Bellini, and Gounod—like even Beethoven himself in his two noble masses. But "The Creation" was a subject that stirred the heart of the gentle old pietist of the Esterhazy residence. Haydn maintained a style in it that speaks much for his sincere intentions and innermost sentiments. His nature was almost childish, especially as he grew old, in its spiritual transparency; and he spoke of his emotions of faith and reverence and sense of divine love very like a child. There was no pose. Hence there is beauty not only in this, his finest oratorio, which is now a centenarian, but in such remarks as his "When I think of God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes run from me as the thread from the spindle; and as God has given me a joyful heart, so am I pretty sure that He will forgive me my sins if I serve Him in a joyful way." A musician's theology is not always as clear, nor as practically followed out, as his hand dots down the notes across the barred page.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

YVONNE DE TREVILLE,
Of the American Theatre Opera Company, as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto."

DRAMA

Shakspere and Primitive Instincts.

SHAKSPEREAN tragedy, M. Maeterlinck complains, is a mere clash of primitive instincts. As M. Maeterlinck first became known as the Belgian Shakspere, the judgment is not unsuggestive; and whatever one may think of its animus, it is apt enough as a characterization. I was reminded of the phrase lately in renewing my acquaintance with the Yiddish theatres in the Bowery. In an article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE last December I mentioned a Yiddish play, "Der Wilde Mensch," by a dramatist of the New York Ghetto, one Jacob Gordin, the theme of which bore a resemblance, apparently unconscious, to the theme of "Hamlet," and the treatment of which shows a simplicity and breadth—a clash of primitive instincts, if you will—that is Elizabethan. I mentioned also a play, "The Yiddish King Lear," in which the resemblance to Shakspere is clearly conscious, and expressed regret that I had not been able to see it. Herr Adler, the leading actor of the Windsor Theatre, has put on the play again, and has done me the honor of saying that he did so in order to let me see what it is like. The treatment of the play, judging from what I was able to glean from the German phrases in the Yiddish and from the garrulous confidences of my Yiddish neighbors, has convinced me that the resemblance of "Der Wilde Mensch" to "Hamlet" is conscious—that in both plays Gordin has translated the clashing primitive instincts into terms of Yiddish life.

Der Jüdische König Lear.

The Yiddish *Lear* is of course not a king; he is a prosperous burgher, with a cast of the prophet, who gives over his estate to his eldest son-in-law because he wishes to end his life in religious contemplation at Jerusalem. In addition to the dignity of *Lear*, he has *Lear's* obstinacy, and quarrels with his youngest daughter, the *Cordelia* of the play, because she is in love with a man of modern ideas of science and religion, and because, with an obstinacy in righteousness worthy of Shakspere's *Cordelia*, she wants to educate herself as a modern woman. In the second act the Yiddish *Lear* comes back from Jerusalem with his wife, a beggar: his grasping and treacherous son-in-law has not sent him the promised money. While his wife and the *Cordelia* daughter are clamoring for food he sits apart patiently and with dignity, chanting to himself a passage from the Talmud that lies open before him. Through his outward calm one sees the fire of passion rising. When the perfidy of his son-in-law is fully shown he gets up, and with the towering anger of a prophet commands obedience. His guilty children cower before him and give up the keys. His wealth is once more his. Then he pauses, and considers that he has given his word. With an anathema he hurls the great keys from him, and declares that though faith is dead in his household, he will be true to his word. In the third act *Lear* again returns to his old home, now not only a beggar, but blind. He meets the *Cordelia* daughter, and discovers that she and her rationalistic lover are faithful to him. In the first act *Cordelia's* lover has recounted the story of Shakspere's *King Lear*, and has warned the aged Jew to avoid a like fate. Now the old man, exhausted by his emotion, gives way to a passion of madness, the burden of which is, "Aye, every inch a King Lear!" and gropes his way off the stage, amid the sobs and cries of his audience. The last act gives the play a happy ending. The old man returns to the house of his youngest daughter, where he finds that his wicked children have overreached themselves and that his estate is again his. A curious character of the play is a servant of the old man's, who is evidently Kent, Edgar, and the Fool rolled into one. No deed of loyalty is too great for him, and his grotesque nonsense affords a comic underplot to the saddest scene, precisely as in Shakspere's "Lear."

Shakspere Unbeautified.

It is obvious that we have in this play the qualities of Shaksperean tragedy M. Maeterlinck deplores; and we have also a Shaksperean mingling of the grotesque and the sublime that he would no doubt have deplored if it had occurred to him. For myself, though I find the plays of the Belgian Shakspere amusing in spite of their damnable iteration, I own up to a preference for primitive instincts. I find myself even weighing this primitive Shakspere against the most beautified Shakspere Mr. Daly was wont to give us. And as it is a case of Hobson's choice, since the late invasion of melodrama from Drury Lane, I have much consolation in Shakspere *à la Yid.* It lacks the colossal grandeur of the true Shaksperean play, the splendor of Shakspere's diction, and the infinite wisdom of Shakspere's characterization. Yet this primitive "Lear" of the Ghetto has a certain Shaksperean quality that no one would dare to hope for in a Broadway theatre. Its costume and scenery are as simple and unobtrusive as were those of the original play as presented at the Globe; and the audience of Jewish tailors and shopkeepers is as wholehearted, and no doubt quite as keen and imaginative, as an audience in the little world of Elizabethan London. If any one wants to know what our best plays seemed like to the people for whom they were written, he will find much satisfaction at the Windsor.

The Best Acting in New York.

If there are reservations as regards the play, there are none as regards Mr. Adler's acting. Last year, when I saw his *Uriel Acosta* and his *Wilde Mensch*, I fell so completely under his spell that I have since mistrusted my judgment, so I took with me two fellows whose interest in the play was that of intelligent laymen. They could not know that Adler is equally happy, grovelling in "Der Wilde Mensch" and towering in "Der Judische König Lear"—his command of character is absolute; yet as regards the present effort there was no doubt. Adler dominated our minds quite as fully when softly chanting the Talmud to himself as when soaring in a frenzy of madness. The strongest effect of all was when, spent by their own fury, his forces were shattered and one saw the blight of old age descend on him. His audience was one palpable mass of sympathy. If he merely stroked his good daughter's hair, gropingly like a blind man, the women in the audience sobbed and the men blew their noses. And he is not only an actor of great temperamental force; he is technically a master. His voice has richness and sonority, and he husbands it well. He makes the slightest gesture count, and his frequent moments of quiet, one is tempted to say, count most of all. His costumes and make-up were as simple and unobtrusive as the setting of his stage; yet, as his clothes grew older and more worn from act to act, and his hair and beard thinner and more thin, the unconscious effect was stupendous. Of all the actors seen this year in New York, only one is to be compared with Adler, Herr Schady of the Irving Place Company, and this comparison is by no means to Adler's disadvantage.

A Play with Good Intentions.

"The Last Chapter," which Mr. George H. Broadhurst has produced at the Garden Theatre, has made me very glad indeed that there are times when my morals can be austere. It was a patriarchal Forty-niner who said that hell is paved with good intentions; and Dante anticipated his philosophy by making a particular limbo for the inefficient and indifferent—

> the melancholy souls of those
> Who live withouten infamy or praise.

Mr. Broadhurst's intentions are so excellent that if I were not consoled by the austere philosophy of Dante and the Forty-niner I should try to say pleasant things. But as it is, I am thinking that the good people who make you want to say pleasant things without giving you the chance deserve a very particular hell. "The Last Chapter" is actually an American play by an American playwright That alone makes one warm to it. Moreover, all the motives of the play, or the supposed motives, are sweet and wholesome in a way that one recognizes as belonging to our own people; but it is all spoiled in the building of the play and the adjustment of motives. The hero is a young man—there are dozens like him, even outside the Sunday-school libraries—who gives up his life to paying off his father's debts, though there is no legal reason why he should, and to buying his mother a new buggy—his magnanimity with regard to the buggy is particularly impressive. Having advised a young woman who is hard up to sell certain shares in a gold-mine, it is discovered that the mine has unexpectedly become valuable, and, with his highly wrought sense of honor, he spends the money that was to have bought the buggy in restoring the stocks to the girl at a highly appreciated figure. All he knows about the mine comes from an enthusiastic adventurer, but that young man believes him and sacrifices the buggy with scarcely a sniffle. It would be well if Mr. Lou Fields might teach him how to investigate in the stockings exchange. Most of the people in the story are more or less like that young man, and if there is any good deed left to do at the end of the play it is only because they didn't happen to think of it. An amusing aggravation lay in the fact that Mr. William Archer, the best of all modern English critics, who has come over to write about our drama, was present at the first performance. It seemed like an indecent exposure of national feeling. Scratch some Americans, and they will bleed milk. When Mr. Presbrey wrote "Worth a Million," he escaped at once to Europe. Might we suggest to Mr. Broadhurst that the rates have since been reduced? That he can write farces has already been shown, and we gladly admit all the sincerity and sweetness of his present attempt at comedy. If he could get a perspective of about three thousand miles on the virtues and limitations of American life and character, he might write a comedy that would reward us for having seen "The Last Chapter."

JOHN CORBIN.

India's "White House"

NO Viceroy—at least since the time of Lord Mayo—has been received with as much enthusiasm as Lord Curzon. The whole city was astir to receive him. A brilliant and representative gathering had assembled at Government House. The centre of the grand staircase was covered with red cloth, and the veranda immediately before entering the marble hall was reserved for gentlemen who have the private *entrée* to Government House, while the staircase itself on either side of the carpet was set apart for the public. The bright uniforms of the military and their gleaming decorations, the gorgeous and bejewelled costumes of the native chiefs, the dark uniforms of the naval officers, the rich dress of the politicals, and the sombre garments of the civilians combined to make the scene a brilliant and picturesque one, while the tall athletic forms of the Viceroy's body-guard in their striking uniforms, on guard at the foot of the staircase and in the veranda, lent a vivid touch of color to the scene.

On the morning of the 6th of January, Lord Curzon of Kedleston was formally inducted into the exalted office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India, taking over his duties from his Excellency the Earl of Elgin. Outside, in front of the grand staircase, was drawn up a guard of honor of two hundred men; on the right and left of the guard were detachments of cavalry from the several regiments stationed at present in Calcutta. This mass of bright-colored uniforms, relieved with flashes of steel, was strikingly set off against the lovely tropical garden which surrounds Government House.

At about twenty-five minutes past nine Lady Curzon entered the Council-Chamber, accompanied by a staff-officer, and proceeded up the room, bowing graciously in acknowledgment of the salutations of those present. She took up her position a little to the right of the dais. Five minutes later the Viceroy-designate came in, escorted by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the members of the Viceroy's council, and the secretaries of the departments. There was, in addition, a very large number of native notables, prominent among whom were the Maharajahs of Kashmir, Gwalior, and Patiala. The rich dress worn by these magnates combined with the bright and varied uniforms of the civil and military officers to give the scene an Oriental picturesqueness.

Lord Curzon ascended the dais and remained standing, while the members of council and the principal secretaries grouped round him. The Home Secretary, standing immediately below and to the right of the Viceroy, read out, in a clear, resonant voice, her Majesty's warrant.

The reading of the warrant was listened to in impressive silence, and at the close Lord Curzon bowed. Simultaneously the troops outside presented arms, and the guns of the royal salute began to boom from Fort William. The bands struck up the national anthem, and the procession of state began to file out again. The whole ceremony was over in five minutes. Lord Curzon went last, repeatedly bowing to the assembly. The Viceroy, the members of his council, and the secretaries having retired, Lady Curzon withdrew, and the company in the chamber then sought the Throne-Room, through which, it was understood, the departing Viceroy would pass out. The staircase was lined by troopers of the body-guard and by the members of the Viceroy's band.

Shortly before ten the state carriages were drawn up at the foot of the grand staircase, and the first detachment of the body-guard fell into line. The ex-viceregal party were accompanied by Lord Curzon. They walked slowly through the Throne-Room, bowing to those present, and pausing every now and then to shake hands with some individuals among the assembly. Lord Elgin appeared profoundly moved. Lady Elgin and her daughters also seemed affected by the heartiness of the farewell greetings which were showered upon them. As the party descended the steps the massed bands again played the national anthem.

The day following Lord Curzon's assumption of the responsibilities of Viceroy he held a grand levee at Government House, at which 1600 gentlemen were presented, a number which has never been equalled at any previous levee; members of foreign legations, civil and military officers, and a large proportion of European and native gentlemen swelled the list.

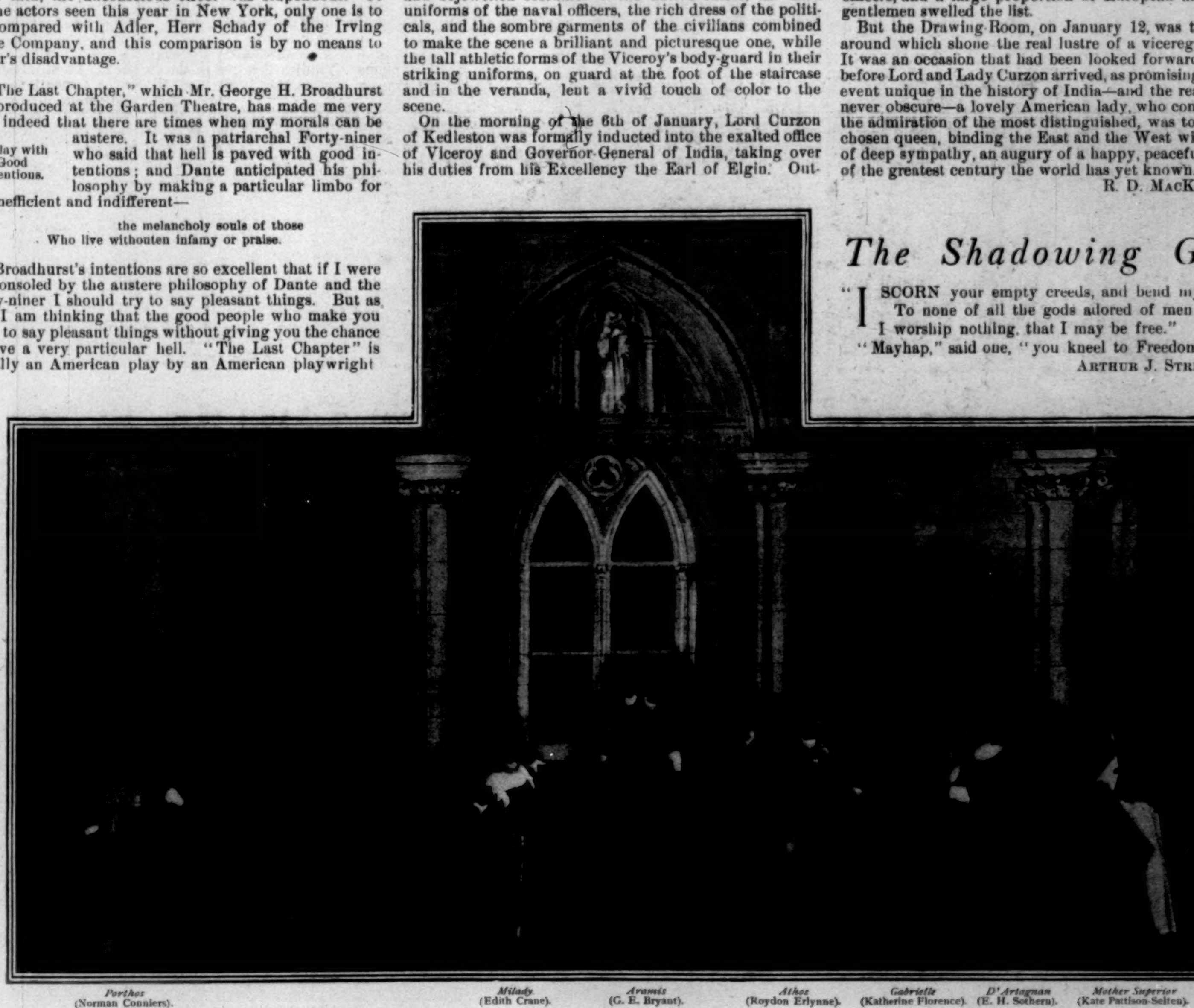
But the Drawing-Room, on January 12, was the event around which shone the real lustre of a viceregal court. It was an occasion that had been looked forward to long before Lord and Lady Curzon arrived, as promising to be an event unique in the history of India—and the reason was never obscure—a lovely American lady, who commanded the admiration of the most distinguished, was to be their chosen queen, binding the East and the West with bonds of deep sympathy, an augury of a happy, peaceful ending of the greatest century the world has yet known.

R. D. MACKENZIE.

The Shadowing Gods

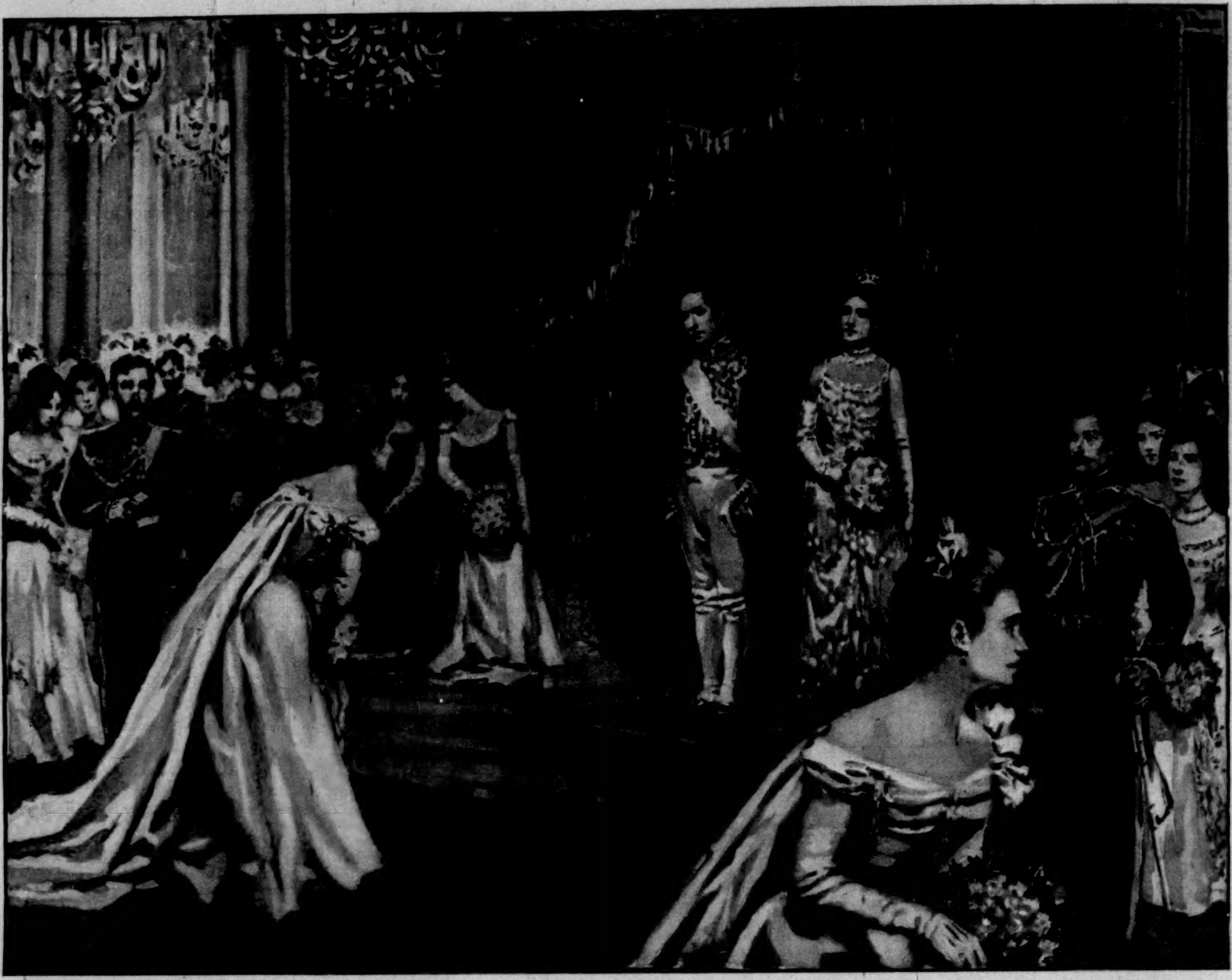
"I SCORN your empty creeds, and bend my knee
To none of all the gods adored of men;—
I worship nothing, that I may be free."
"Mayhap," said one, "you kneel to Freedom then."

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

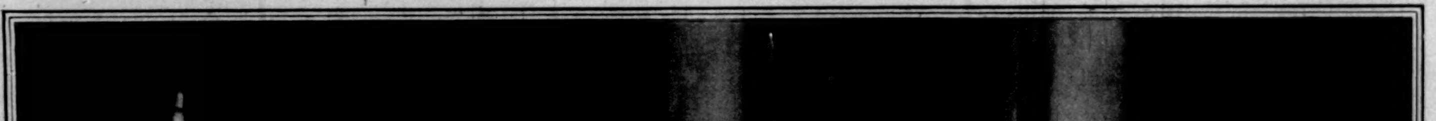


Porthos (Norman Conniers). *Milady* (Edith Crane). *Aramis* (G. E. Bryant). *Athos* (Roydon Erlynne). *Gabrielle* (Katherine Florence). *D'Artagnan* (E. H. Sothern). *Mother Superior* (Kate Pattison-Selten).

THE CONDEMNATION OF *MILADY* BY THE FOUR MUSKETEERS, AS PLAYED BY E. H. SOTHERN AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.

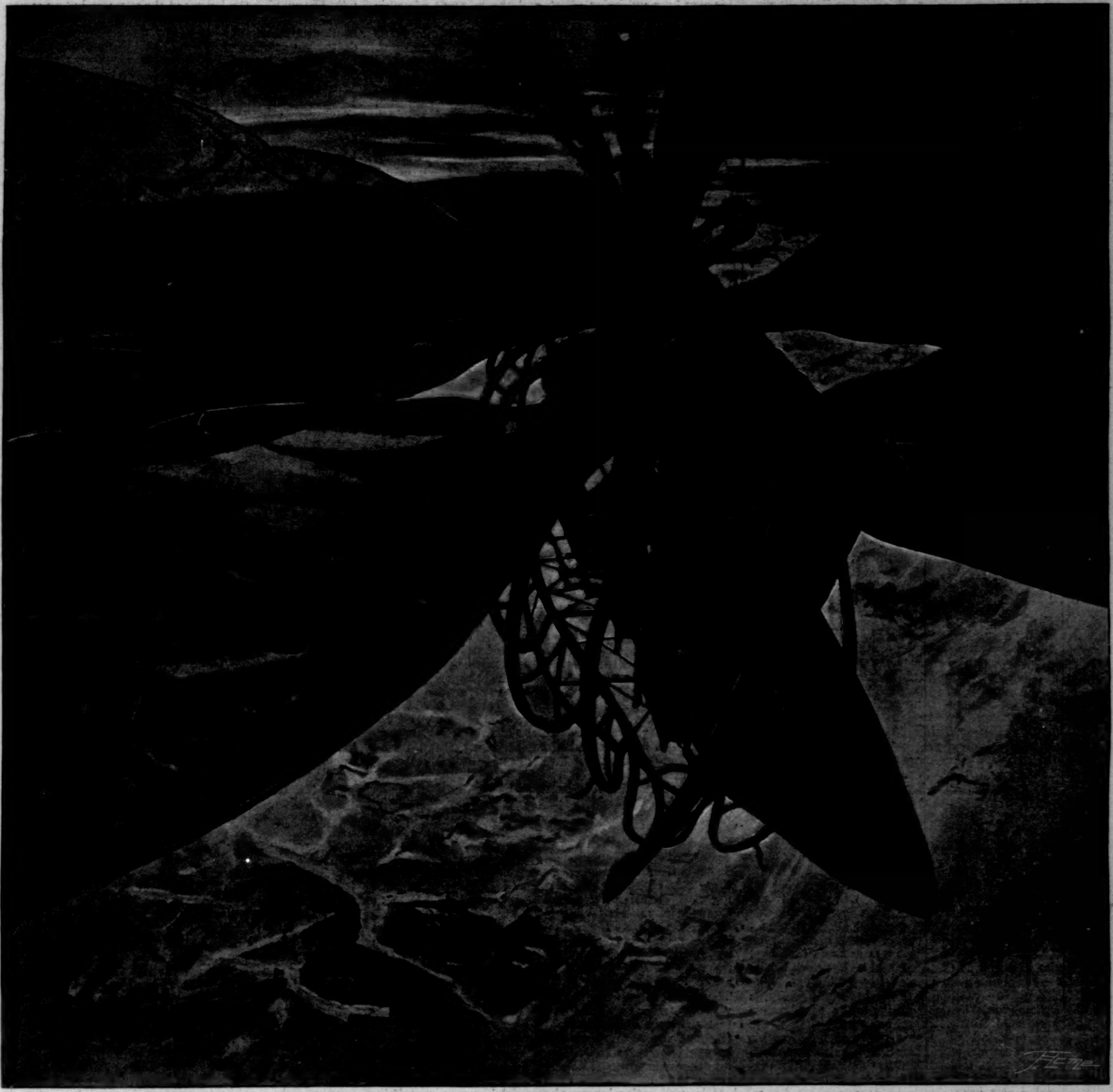


LORD AND LADY CURZON RECEIVING PRESENTATIONS IN THE THRONE-ROOM, GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA AFTER A SKETCH BY R. D MACKENZIE.



THE INSTALLATION OF LORD CURZON—THE HOME SECRETARY READING THE ROYAL WARRANT.
DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER AFTER A SKETCH BY FRANK CLINGER SCALLAN.

CALCUTTA—SCENES ATTENDING THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD CURZON AS VICEROY OF INDIA.
[SEE PAGE 261.]



When the Sleeper Wakes[*]

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AEROPILE.

FOR a while, as Graham went through the passages of the wind-vane offices with Lincoln, he was preoccupied. But, by an effort, he attended to the things which Lincoln was saying. Soon his preoccupation vanished. Lincoln was talking of flying. Graham had a strong desire to know more of this new human attainment. He began to ply Lincoln with questions. He had followed the crude beginnings of aerial navigation very keenly in his previous life; he was delighted to find the familiar names of Maxim and Pilcher, Langley and Chanute, and, above all, of the aerial proto-martyr Lillienthal, still honored by men.

Even during his previous life the lines of investigation had pointed clearly to two distinct types of contrivance as possible, and both of these had been realized. On the one hand was the great engine-driven aeroplane, a double row of horizontal floats with a big aerial screw behind; and on the other the nimbler aeropile. The aeroplanes flew safely only in a calm or moderate wind, and sudden storms—occurrences that were now accurately predictable—rendered them for all practical purposes useless. They were built of enormous size, the usual stretch of wing being six hundred feet or more, and the length of the fabric a thousand feet. They were for passenger traffic alone. The lightly swung car they carried was from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in length. It was hung in a peculiar manner in order to minimize the complex vibration that even a moderate wind produced, and for the same reason the little seats within the car—each passenger remained seated during the voyage—were slung with great freedom of movement. The starting of the mechanism was only possible from a gigantic car on the rail of a specially constructed stage. Graham had seen these vast stages, the flying-stages, from the crow's-nest very well. Six huge blank areas they were, with a giant "carrier" stage on each.

The choice of descent was equally circumscribed, an accurately plane surface being needed for safe grounding. Apart from the destruction that would have been caused by the descent of this great expanse of sail and metal, and the impossibility of its rising again, the concussion of an irregular surface—a tree-set hill-side, for instance, or an embankment—would be sufficient to pierce or damage the frame-work, to smash the ribs of the body, and perhaps kill those aboard.

At first Graham felt disappointed with those cumbersome contrivances, but he speedily grasped the fact that smaller machines would have been unremunerative, for the simple reason that their carrying power would be disproportionately diminished with diminished size. Moreover, the huge size of these things enabled them—and it was a consideration of primary importance—to traverse the air at enormous speeds, and so run no risks of unanticipated weather. The briefest journey performed, that from London to Paris, took about three-quarters of an hour, but the velocity attained was not high; the leap to New York occupied about two hours, and by timing one's self carefully at the intermediate stations it was possible in quiet weather to go round the world in a day.

The little aeropiles (as for no particular reason they were distinctively called) were of an altogether different type. Several of these were going to and fro in the air. They were designed to carry only one or two persons, and their manufacture and maintenance were so costly as to render them the monopoly of the richer sort of people. Their sails, which were brilliantly colored, consisted only of two pairs of lateral air-floats in the same plane and of a screw behind. Their small size rendered a descent in any open space neither difficult nor disagreeable, and it was possible to attach pneumatic wheels, or even the ordinary motors for terrestrial traffic, to them, and so carry them to a convenient starting-place. They required a special sort of swift car to throw them into the air, but such a car was efficient in any open place clear of high buildings or trees. Human aeronautics, Graham perceived, were evidently still a long way behind the instinctive gift of the albatross or the fly-catcher. One great influence that might have brought the aeropile to a more rapid perfection had been withheld—these inventions had never been used in warfare. The last great international struggle—the raiding of the wheat districts of Canada by the American subjects of the Wheat and Oil Trusts—had occurred before the usurpation of the Council.

The flying-stages of London were collected together in an irregular crescent on the southern side of the river.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

They formed three groups of two each, and retained the names of ancient suburban hills or villages. They were named, in order, Roehampton, Wimbledon Park, Streatham, Norwood, Blackheath, and Shooter's Hill. They were uniform structures rising high above the general roof surfaces. Each was about four thousand yards long and a thousand broad, and constructed of the compound of aluminium and iron, that had replaced iron in architecture. Their higher tiers formed an open-work of girders, through which lifts and staircases ascended. The upper surface was a uniform expanse, with portions—the starting-carriers—that could be raised, and were then able to run on very slightly inclined rails to the end of the fabric. Save for any aeropiles or aeroplanes that were in port, these open surfaces were kept clear for arrivals.

During the adjustment of the aeroplanes it was the custom for passengers to wait in the system of theatres, restaurants, news-rooms, and places of pleasure and indulgence of various sorts that interwove with the prosperous shops below. This portion of London was in consequence commonly the gayest of all its districts, with something of the meretricious gayety of a seaport or city of hotels. And for those who took a more serious view of aeronautics the religious quarters had flung out an attractive colony of devotional chapels, while a host of brilliant medical establishments competed to supply physical preparatives for the journey. At various levels through the mass of chambers and passages beneath these ran, in addition to the main moving ways of the city which laced and gathered here, a complex system of special passages and lifts and slides, for the convenient interchange of people and luggage between stage and stage. And a distinctive feature of the architecture of this section was the ostentatious massiveness of the metal piers and girders that everywhere broke the vistas and spanned the halls and passages, crowding and twining up to meet the weight of the stages and the weighty impact of the aeroplanes overhead.

Graham went to the flying-stages by the public ways. He was accompanied by Asano, his Japanese attendant. Lincoln was called away by Ostrog, who was busy with his administrative concerns. A strong guard of the wind-vane police awaited the Master outside the wind-vane offices, and they cleared a space for him on the upper moving platform. His passage to the flying-stages was unexpected, nevertheless a considerable crowd gathered and followed him to his destination. As he went along he could hear the people shouting his name, and saw numberless men and women and children in blue come swarming up the staircases in the central path, gesticulating and shouting. He could not hear what they shouted. He was struck again by the evident existence of a vulgar dialect among the poor of the city. When at last he descended, his guards were immediately surrounded by a dense excited crowd. He believed that some tried to reach him with petitions. His guards cleared a passage for him with some difficulty.

He found an aeropile in charge of an aeronaut awaiting him on the westward stage. Seen closely, this mechanism was no longer small. As it lay on its launching-carrier upon the wide expanse of the flying-stage, its aluminium body skeleton was as big as the hull of a twenty-ton yacht. Its lateral supporting sails, braced and stayed with metal nerves almost like the nerves of a bee's wing, and made of some sort of glassy artificial membrane, cast their shadow over many hundreds of square yards. The chairs for the engineer and his passenger hung free to swing by a complex tackle within the protecting ribs of the frame and well abaft the middle. The passenger's chair was protected by a wind-guard, and guarded about with metallic rods carrying air-cushions. It could, if desired, be completely closed in, but Graham was anxious for novel experiences, and desired that it should be left open. The aeronaut sat behind a glass that sheltered his face. The passenger could secure himself firmly in his seat, and this was almost unavoidable on landing; or he could move along by means of a little rail and rod to a locker at the stem of the machine, where his personal luggage, his wraps and restoratives, were placed, and which also, with the seats, served as a makeweight to the parts of the central engine that projected to the propeller at the stern.

The engine was very simple in appearance. Asano, pointing out the parts of this apparatus to him, told him that, like the gas-engine of Victorian days, it was of the explosive type, burning a small drop of a substance called "fomile" at each stroke. It consisted simply of reservoir and piston about the long fluted crank of the propeller shaft. So much Graham saw of the machine.

The flying-stage about him was empty, save for Asano and their suite of attendants. Directed by the aeronaut, he placed himself in his seat. He then drank two prescriptions, one containing strychnine; the other, ergot—doses, he learned, invariably administered to those about to fly, and designed to counteract the possible effect of diminished air-pressure upon the system. Having done so, he declared himself ready for the journey. Asano took the empty glasses from him, stepped through the bars of the hull, and stood below on the stage, waving his hand. Suddenly he seemed to slide along the stage to the right and vanish.

The engine was beating, the propeller spinning, and for a second the stage and the buildings beyond were gliding swiftly and horizontally past Graham's eye; then these things seemed to tilt up abruptly. He gripped the little rods on either side of him instinctively. He felt himself moving upward, heard the air whistle over the top of the wind-screen. The propeller screw moved round with powerful rhythmic impulse—one, two, three, pause; one, two, three—which the engineer controlled very delicately. The machine began a quivering vibration in sympathy that continued throughout the flight, and the roof areas seemed running away to starboard very quickly and growing rapidly smaller. He looked from the face of the engineer through the ribs of the machine. Looking sideways, there was nothing very startling in what he saw—a rapid funicular railway might have given the same sensations. He recognized the Council House and the Highgate Ridge. And then he looked straight down between his feet.

For a moment physical terror possessed him, a passionate sense of insecurity. He held tight. For a second or so he could not lift his eyes. Some hundred feet or more sheerly below him was one of the big wind-vanes of Southwest London, and beyond it the southernmost flying-stage crowded with black little dots. These things seemed to be falling away from him. For a second he had an impulse to pursue the earth. He set his teeth, he lifted his eyes by a muscular effort, and the moment of panic passed.

He remained for a space with his teeth set hard, his eyes staring into the sky. Throb, throb, throb—beat, went the engine; throb, throb, throb—beat. He gripped his bars tightly, glanced at the aeronaut, and saw a smile upon his sun-tanned face. He smiled in return—perhaps a little artificially. "A little strange at first," he said, before he recalled his dignity. But he dared not look down again for some time. He looked over the aeronaut's head to where a rim of vague blue horizon crept up the sky. For a little while he could not banish the thought of possible accidents from his mind. Throb, throb, throb—beat; suppose some trivial screw went wrong in that supporting engine! Suppose—! He made a grim effort to dismiss all such suppositions. After a while they did at least abandon the foreground of his thoughts. And up he went, steadily, higher and higher into the clear air.

Once the mental shock of moving unsupported through the air was over, his sensations ceased to be unpleasant, became very speedily pleasurable. He had been warned of airsickness. But he found the pulsating movement of the aeropile, as it drove up the faint southwest breeze, was very little in excess of the pitching of a boat head on to broad rollers in a moderate gale, and he was constitutionally a good sailor. And the keenness of the more rarefied air into which they ascended produced a sense of lightness and exhilaration. He looked up and saw the blue sky above fretted with cirrus clouds. His eye came cautiously down through the ribs and bars to a shining flight of white birds that hung in the lower sky. For a space he watched these. Then going lower and less apprehensively, he saw the slender filigree of the wind-vane keeper's crow's-nest shining golden in the sunlight, and growing smaller every moment. As his eye fell with more confidence now, there came a blue line of hills, and then London, already to leeward, an intricate space of roofing. Its near edge came sharp and clear, and banished his last apprehensions in a shock of surprise. For the boundary of London was like a wall, like a cliff, a steep fall of three or four hundred feet, a frontage broken only by terraces here and there, a complex decorative façade.

That gradual passage of town into country through an extensive sponge of suburbs, which was so characteristic a feature of the great cities of the nineteenth century, existed no longer. Nothing remained of it but a waste of ruins here, variegated and dense with thickets of the heterogeneous growths that had once adorned the gardens of the belt, interspersed among levelled brown patches of sown ground and verdant stretches of wintergreens. The latter even spread among the vestiges of houses. But for the most part the reefs and skerries of ruins, the wreckage of suburban villas, stood along their street and roads, queer islands amidst the levelled expanses of green and brown, abandoned indeed by the inhabitants years since, but too substantial, it seemed, to be cleared out of the way of the wholesale horticultural mechanisms of the time.

The vegetation of this waste undulated and frothed amidst the countless cells of crumbling house walls, and broke along the foot of the city wall in a surf of bramble and holly and ivy and teazle and tall grasses. Here and there gaudy pleasure-places towered amidst the puny remains of Victorian times, and cableways slanted to them from the city. That winter day they seemed deserted. Deserted, too, were the artificial gardens among the ruins. The city limits were indeed as sharply defined as in the ancient days when the gates were shut at nightfall and the robber foeman prowled to the very walls. A huge semicircular throat swallowed the shining curves of the Thames, and from one of the archways came and went a vigorous traffic along the Eadhamite Bath Road. So the first prospect of the world beyond the city flashed on Graham, and ran past and dwindled. And when at last he could look vertically downward again, he saw below him the leafless woods of the Thames Valley—a froth of ruddy brown.

His exhilaration increased rapidly, became a sort of intoxication. He found himself drawing deep breaths of air, laughing aloud, desiring to shout. After a time that desire became too strong for him, and he shouted.

The machine had now risen as high as was customary with aeropiles, and they began to curve about towards the south. Steering, Graham perceived, was effected by the opening or closing of one or two thin strips of membrane in one or other of the otherwise rigid wings, and by the movement of the whole engine backward or forward along its supports. The aeronaut set the engine gliding slowly forward along its rail, and opened the valve of the leeward wing until the stem of the aeropile was horizontal and pointing southward. And in that direction they soared, with a slight list to leeward, and with a slow alternation of movement—first a short sharp ascent, and then a long, gradual downward glide that was very steady and pleasing. During these downward glides the propeller was inactive altogether. These ascents gave Graham a glorious sense of successful effort; the descents through the rarefied air were beyond all experience. He wanted never to leave the upper air again.

For a time he was intent upon the minute details of the landscape that ran swiftly northward from beneath. Its minute, clear detail pleased him exceedingly. He was impressed by the ruin of the houses that had once dotted the country, by the vast treeless expanse of country, from which all farms and villages had gone, save for crumbling ruins. He had known the thing was so, but seeing it so was an altogether different matter. He tried to make out places he had known, within the hollow basin of the world below, but at first he could distinguish no data, now that the Thames was left behind. Soon, however, they were driving over a sharp chalk hill that he recognized as the Guildford Hog's Back, because of the familiar outline of the gorge at its eastward end, and because of the ruins of the town that rose steeply on either lip of this gorge. And from that he made out other points—Leith Hill, the sandy wastes of Aldershot, and so forth. The Down escarpment was set with gigantic slow-moving wind-wheels. Save where the broad Eadhamite Portsmouth Road, thickly dotted with rushing shapes, followed the course of the old railway, the gorge of the Wey was choked with thickets.

The whole expanse of the Downs escarpment, so far as the gray haze permitted him to see, was set with wind-wheels, to which the largest of the city was but a younger brother. They stirred with a stately motion before the southwest wind. And here and there were vast patches dotted with the sheep of the British Food Trust, and here and there a mounted shepherd made a spot of black. Then, rushing under the stern of the aeropile, came the Wealdon Heights, the line of Hindhead, Pitch Hill, and Leith Hill, with a second row of wind-wheels that seemed striving to rob the downland whirlers of their share of breeze. The purple heather was speckled with gold, and on the further side a vast drove of black oxen stampeded before a couple of mounted men. Swiftly these swept behind and dwindled and lost color, and became little scarce moving specks that were swallowed up in blue haze.

And when these had vanished in the distance Graham heard a peewit wailing close at hand. He answered it by a loud cry. He perceived he was now above the South Downs, and staring over his shoulder, saw the battlements of Portsmouth towering over the ridge of Portsdown Hill. In another moment there came into sight a spread of shipping like floating cities, the little white cliffs of the Needles dwarfed and sunlit, and the gray and glittering waters of the narrow sea. They seemed to leap the Solent in a moment, in a few seconds the Isle of Wight was running past, and then beneath him spread a wider and wider extent of sea, here purple with the shadow of a cloud, here gray, here a burnished mirror, and here a spread of cloudy greenish-blue. The Isle of Wight grew smaller and smaller. In a few more minutes a strip of gray haze detached itself from other strips that were clouds, descended out of the sky and became a coast-line—sunlit and pleasant—the coast of northern France. It rose, it took color, became definite and detailed, and the counterpart of the Downland of England was speeding by below.

In a little time, as it seemed, Paris came above the horizon, and hung there for a space, and sank out of sight again as the aeropile circled about to the north again. But he perceived the Eiffel Tower still standing, and beside it a huge dome surmounted by a pin-point Colossus. And he perceived, too, though he did not understand it at the time, a slanting drift of smoke. But he marked the minarets and towers and slender masses that streamed skyward along the city wind-vanes, and knew that in the matter of grace, at least, Paris still kept in front of her larger rival. And even as he looked, a pale blue shape ascended very swiftly from the city, like a dead leaf driving up before a gale. It curved round and soared towards them, growing rapidly larger and larger. The aeronaut was saying something. "What?" said Graham, loath to take his eyes from this. "Aeroplane, sire," bawled the aeronaut, pointing.

They rose and curved about northward as it drew nearer. Nearer it came and nearer, growing, growing. The throb, throb, throb—beat, of the aeropile's flight, that had seemed so potent and so swift, suddenly appeared slow by comparison with this tremendous rush. How great the monster seemed, how swift and steady! It passed quite closely beneath them, a vast spread of netted translucent wing, soaring silently, a thing alive. Graham had a momentary glimpse of the rows and rows of wrapped-up passengers slung in their little cradles behind wind-screens, of a white-clothed engineer crawling against the gale along a ladderway, of spouting engines beating together, of the whirling wind-screw, and of a wide waste of wing. He whooped the exultation of the sight. And in an instant the thing had passed.

It rose slightly, and their own little wings swayed in the rush of its flight. It fell and grew smaller. Scarcely had they moved, as it seemed, before it was again only a flat blue thing that dwindled in the sky. This was the aeroplane that went to and fro between Paris and London. In fair weather it came and went four times a day.

They beat across the Channel—slowly, as it seemed now to Graham's enlarged ideas—and Beachy Head rose grayly to the left of them.

"Land?" said the aeronaut.

"Not yet," said Graham, laughing. "Not land yet. I want to learn more of this machine."

"I meant—" said the aeronaut.

"I want to learn more of this machine," repeated Graham.

"I'm coming to you," he said, and had flung himself free of his chair and taken a step along the guarded rail between them. He stopped for a moment, and his calor changed and his hands tightened. Another step and he was clinging close to the aeronaut. He felt a weight on his shoulder. The wind came in gusts over his wind-screen and blew his hair in streamers past his cheek. The aeronaut made some hasty adjustments for the shifting of the weights.

"I want to have these things explained," said Graham. "What do you do when you move that engine forward?"

The aeronaut hesitated. Then he answered, "They are complex, sire."

"I don't mind," said Graham. "I don't mind."

There was a moment's pause. "Aeronautics are the secret—the privilege—"

"I know. But I'm the Master, and I mean to know." He laughed, full of this novel realization of power that was his gift from the upper air.

The aeropile curved about, and the keen fresh wind cut across Graham's face and his garment lugged at his body as the stem pointed round to the west. The two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Sir, there are rules—"

"Not where I am concerned," said Graham. "You seem to forget."

The aeronaut scrutinized his face. "No," he said. "I do not forget, sire. But in all the earth—no man who is not a sworn aeronaut—has ever a chance. They come as passengers—"

"I have heard something of the sort. But I'm not going to argue these points. Do you know why I have slept two hundred years? To fly!"

"Sire," said the aeronaut, "the rules—if I break the rules—"

Graham waved the penalties aside.

"Then if you will watch me—"

"No," said Graham, swaying and gripping tight as the machine lifted its nose again for an ascent. "That's not my game. I want to do it myself. Do it myself if I smash for it! No! I will. See! I am going to clamber by this—to come and share your seat. Steady! I mean to fly of my own accord if I smash at the end of it. I will have something to pay for my sleep. Of all other things— In my past it was my dream to fly. Now—keep your balance."

"A dozen spies are watching me, Sire!"

Graham's temper was at an end. Perhaps he chose it should be. He swore. He swung himself round the intervening mass of levers, and the aeropile swayed.

"Am I Master of the earth?" he said. "Or is your Society? Now. Take your hands off those levers, and hold my wrists. Yes—so. And now, how do we turn her nose down to the glide?"

"Sire," said the aeronaut.

"What is it?"

"You will protect me?"

"Lord! Yes! If I have to burn London. Now!"

And with that promise Graham bought his lesson in aerial navigation. "It's clearly to your advantage, this journey," he said, with a loud laugh—for the air was like strong wine—"to teach me quickly and well. So I pull this? Ah! so! Hullo!"

"Back, sire! Back!"

"Back—right. One—two—three—good God! Ah! Up she goes! But this is living!"

And now the machine began to dance the strangest figures in the air. Now it would sweep round a spiral of scarcely a hundred yards diameter, now it would rush up into the air and swoop down again, steeply, swiftly, falling like a hawk, to recover in a rushing loop that swept it high again. In one of these descents it seemed driving straight at the drifting park of balloons in the southeast, and only curved about and cleared them by a sudden recovery of dexterity. The extraordinary swiftness and smoothness of the motion, the extraordinary effect of the rarefied air upon his constitution, made Graham a different man. In spite of the protests of the aeronaut, he attempted more and more daring things.

But at last a queer little incident came to sober him, and send him down once more to the crowded life and all its dark riddles below. As he swooped, came a tap and something flying past, and a drop like a drop of rain. Then, as he went on down, he saw something like a white rag whirling down in his wake. "What was that?" he asked. "I did not see."

The aeronaut glanced, and then clutched at the lever to recover, for they were driving low. When the aeropile was rising again, he drew a deep breath, and replied. "That," and he indicated the white thing still fluttering down, "was a swan."

"I never saw it," said Graham.

The aeronaut made no answer, and Graham saw that, spite of the keen air, there were little drops upon the man's forehead.

They drove horizontally, while Graham went back to the passengers' place, out of the lash of the wind. And then came a swift rush down, with the wind-screw whirling now to check their fall, and the flying-stage growing broad and dark before them. The sun, sinking over the chalk hills in the west, fell with them, and left the sky a blaze of gold.

He heard a noise coming up to meet him—a noise like the sound of waves upon a pebbly beach, and looking, saw the roofs about the flying-stage were dark with his people applauding his safe return. A dark mass it was, stippled with faces, and quivered with the minute oscillation of waved white handkerchiefs and waving hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

PREVALENT DISEASES IN THE ISLAND, AND HYGIENIC PRECAUTIONS

IT is customary to suggest hygienic rules and regulations by which the traveller in the tropics should be governed, but in practice he seldom lives up to the strict limitations of these formulæ; the army in Cuba and Puerto Rico, even where it was possible, never did, and, further, it is feared it never will.

The most common physical ailments which overtake the unacclimated, as well as the native population, are, first, dysentery, sometimes of so persistent a type as to cause death; second, malarial and pernicious fevers, which take intermittent or malignant forms; third, colds, catarrhs, pneumonia, and consumption.

Dysenteries, mucous-membrane affections, and lung troubles may usually be, in large measure, prevented by simple methods of taking care of the person. Never eat fresh fruits with which you are unfamiliar, is one rule, if dysentery is to be averted; this rule is broken by nine out of every ten persons who are of an inquiring turn of mind, the rare and delicious fruits being a sore temptation to the appetite. Mangoes, bananas, and nisperos, while fine flavored and tempting, produce great distress in the average stomach by fermentation. Lemons (sweet and sour), limes, and oranges are considered safe, though the natives will never eat an orange after meals, nor for an hour after using alcoholic beverages of any kind. The too constant or frequent use of lemon or lime juice is not beneficial to some systems, as it brings on a chronic acidity of the stomach. Dysenteries, which arise from malarial or bacterial poisoning of the intestinal tract, may be alleviated by strict dieting, but not prevented. Such diseases can be overcome by medical aid only.

Malarial affections are universal, and those who make their homes in tropical countries are never immune for long periods against the visitations of this stealthy foe.

The germs of malaria are no doubt oftenest carried into the system by drinking water, though the exact method or means of transmission is a much-mooted question with the medical fraternity. Habitation near swamps, morasses, or cesspools, and in streets where sanitation is poor, where decaying garbage is carelessly thrown and effluvial emanations are constantly rising, produces malarial affections, even where boiled or distilled water is used for drinking purposes. Prevention, to a large extent, lies in using boiled drinking water, in never living near marshy ground, in sleeping elevated above the earth (second-story rooms being preferable), and in keeping away from contact with the great unwashed and their homes.

After the system has started a malarial culture, exposure to draughts, chilling of the body, eating of fermented or fermentable foods, excessive exercise, overheating, or, in fact, any act which may suddenly disarrange the functional system, will, in a few hours, manifest itself in an attack of malarial fever, which will be more or less severe, depending upon the type and the strength of the culture preying upon the body.

Cognizance should be immediately taken of the slightest fever; and faith may be placed in the ability of the average native doctor, for if there is one thing he well understands it is the treatment of fever troubles. It is not wise to suggest personal medical treatment to the reader, though the writer has found, in practice, that a diet of one grain of red pepper and two of quinine, in capsules, taken at his limit of twelve grains a day, will hold a system filled with malaria at the normal. Quinine is the only known antidote which will finally kill and eradicate the malarial germs from the system, and its use becomes almost habitual to the dweller in tropical countries.

It is believed that no one is proof against malarial poisoning, and sooner or later, excessive care delaying, not preventing, the man of temperate climes will be overcome with fever.

The "tropic liver," or chronic enlargement of this organ, is an outcome of many attacks of fever, and is not only distressing, but a constant source of menace in after-life, for its possession means a chronic unbalancing of the abdominal functions. It can best be relieved by a lengthy sojourn in more northern regions.

The worst foe of equatorial countries is undoubtedly malaria, and its after-effects show themselves in a generally broken-down condition of the constitution. Anæmia is the direct product of a severe attack of malaria, for the red corpuscles of the blood are destroyed by the malarial plasmodia. Once in the clutches of this archenemy to health, the best remedy, again, is to leave the country temporarily; the next is carefully to diet the system and restore the blood by known medical remedies and nutritious food.

It makes the heart heavy to see the hundreds—nay, thousands—of native poor struggling through their daily avocations with transparent flesh and white, bleached faces—victims of malarial diseases, which might be eased by better diet than plantains and sweet-potatoes, and cured if quinine and other medicines were not, through excessive tariff, placed beyond the reach of their slender pocket-books.

Colds and allied diseases are so easily induced in a hot climate, which keeps the pores of the skin constantly open, that few people escape being afflicted for many weeks at a time by some form of these distressing attacks; and once having contracted cold in the head, sore throat, or inflamed lungs, it is difficult to assuage the trouble. The hot moist air in sunshine changing to a subtle chilliness under a heavy shower, or to positive dankness during the clear nights, constantly adds to the inflammation of the membranes, unless the utmost caution is exercised. A susceptible person or a victim to colds must take prompt measures to alleviate the simple trouble, or it may be followed by pneumonia, or by the far worse and more invidious disease consumption. Woollen abdominal bandages are advocated as a means of reducing the danger of rapid changes in the surface temperature of the body, and are undoubtedly worthy of consideration. The writer, however, prefers to dress with a fair degree of warmth, generally wearing thin cotton under-clothes, protected by light woollen over-clothes. While in this way one may become overheated, the cooling-off process is not nearly so dangerous with a complete covering of non-conducting woollen materials as it is with the thin cotton and linen clothes affected by the native population. It is a good plan always to put on heavier clothes at night. If you feel the slightest chilliness, exercise, or put on a light overcoat. By following these suggestions, the grave afflictions of local congestion may be largely prevented.

Yellow fever need hardly be dreaded in Puerto Rico. It has never taken the form of an epidemic, and but few cases are reported from year to year. It has made itself more apparent, perhaps, in the barracks of the Spanish soldiers and in the prisons than elsewhere. It has been confined mainly to the coast towns, and is not heard of in the interior towns of high altitude. It is well to remember, however, that yellow fever is a disease of night, and that by taking the precaution of not going out until after the sun is well up in the morning, and being in the house when the shades of evening fall, and living in upper-story rooms if possible, one runs little risk of being smitten by this dread disease. Yet no rule holds good during an epidemic, and avoidance of the fever-infected districts is the only safe recourse. Always keep away from sections of a coast town in the tropics where the poor, degraded, and vicious live; keep the person clean, change the clothing often, and live among cleanly surroundings.

On the whole, Puerto Rico has the most salubrious climate and engenders the smallest number of physical ailments among the unacclimated of all the regions of the Western Hemisphere within the torrid zone. In any country where vegetation grows rank and luxuriant, where the suns are hot and the rainfalls frequent, disease is necessarily more prevalent, but Puerto Rico has been remarkably free from the scourges which afflict the people of adjacent isles; moreover, it should be remembered, in summing up the situation, that this fair condition exists on an island where the population is, and has been for centuries, more dense than that of almost any other purely agricultural section of the New World.

GEOLOGY.

The great Antillean mountain range embraces Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and the smaller islands to the eastward, and includes a great submerged mountain chain connecting the islands and extending westward toward the isthmian region of North America. It is, in general characteristics, the most wonderful folding on the earth. It rises at Brownson Deep, a little north of the shore of Puerto Rico, almost vertically from the depths of ocean, 27,000 feet to sea-level, its highest elevation above the surface of the water being 11,300 feet in Mount Tina of Santo Domingo. In other words, the West-Indian islands are only the protruding tips of the mightiest and most precipitous mountain range in the world. If it could be pushed up above the surface of the water, it would reach heavenward nearly ten thousand feet higher than Mount Everest in the Himalayas.

The immense depths of water on either side of this wonderful range are the deepest known in the Atlantic. The islands which rear their crests above their surface rise abruptly from the sea, with only scanty flood plains on their margins, formed chiefly of terraces of coral rock of late geologic time.

The history of the geologic oscillations of this region is best told by Robert T. Hill, an eminent geologist of the United States Geological Survey, who has devoted many years to the unravelling of earth problems relating to the West Indies. The submergence of the original land area—thought by some writers to be the lost Atlantis—took place in early geologic time, and while the waves of ocean rolled for ages over this sunken land, it was heavily laden with a calcareous deposit of shells and sea animals. Again, in the upheavings of the earth, it was reared high above the pounding surf, much higher than it is to-day, so that the solid land possibly extended from the present limits of southeastern United States to the mainland of South America, though there is much difference of opinion among geologists regarding this phase. Scientists who favor this idea have called the large area of land then exposed and connecting the two continents, the Windward Bridge. The Isthmus of Panama may have had no existence at this time, and the broad Pacific possibly surged freely against the steep shores of the eastward land.

Then came a second period of subsidence, until the largest islands were but tiny pinnacles above the deep; following this was another long period of calcareous deposition, and the ultimate uplifting of the islands known to us to-day.

During the first great uplift the wonderfully folded mountain ranges, encased in massive fossiliferous limestones, were formed, and from the crumpled crests of the giant peaks craters poured forth tuff and liquid lava, and the great subterranean caldrons filled every crack and fissure with melted igneous material.

The secondary sinking encrusted the entire surface with another layer of heavy limestones, thought to be somewhat softer, and filled with much later fossils.

At a late period of the last uplifting the coral polyps made their appearance, and, skirting every shore-line, zealously built their rocky homes, even reaching out and throwing up their stony fortresses on the tops of sunken ridges. The elevation still continuing has created a series of coral terraces which gird the major portion of all West-Indian islands, and reach for a considerable distance inland.

This is at best but a crude and rough outline of the wonderful past history of the Antillean range.

Puerto Rico has no known extinct craters, and it is unlikely that it was ever the seat of active volcanic disturbance.

The geology of the island is practically unknown, for it has almost always been neglected by students of nature and scientific men, whose attention has been given with considerable care to the geologic features of the other and larger islands of the group. There is little reason to believe that it materially differs either in stratigraphy or mineral constituents from those known in Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Jamaica, as Puerto Rico is merely an extension of the same mountain range which with lowering elevations extends eastward, and finally sinks into the blue ocean beyond the island of St. Thomas.

Massive limestones, deeply carved by rivulets and rivers, cover the mountains to their very tops. At a few points are seen the older basic rocks from which primeval land was derived. Near Lares, running east and west, is a beautiful castellated ridge, some thirty miles in length, of this older conglomerated and metamorphic rock, capped apparently by remnants of the harder limestone; but beyond these there are few indications of the original superstructure upon which the later island deposits were laid down.

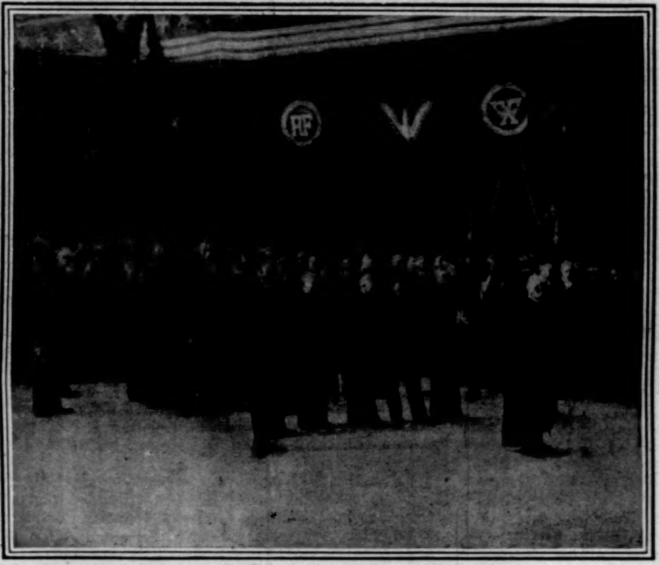
The limestone varies greatly in quality and somewhat in color, changing from soft white, with almost straight fractures, to a cold gray and blued steel coloring, with a hard, fine-grained texture and a highly conchoidal fracture. All varieties seem to make fine building-stone, produce macadam roads cemented almost as hard as the original rock itself, and burn in kilns to lime of great beauty and strength.

The mineral possibilities of the island are yet unsolved problems, but the known factors do not hold forth great promise to the speculator or investor. Viewed in the light of scanty discoveries made on the other islands, where the earth disturbances took place on a more gigantic scale, and where—if at any point in this great range—valuable minerals should have formed in nature's crucible, the possible resources in rare minerals are not promising.

Iron ore of good quality has been found at several

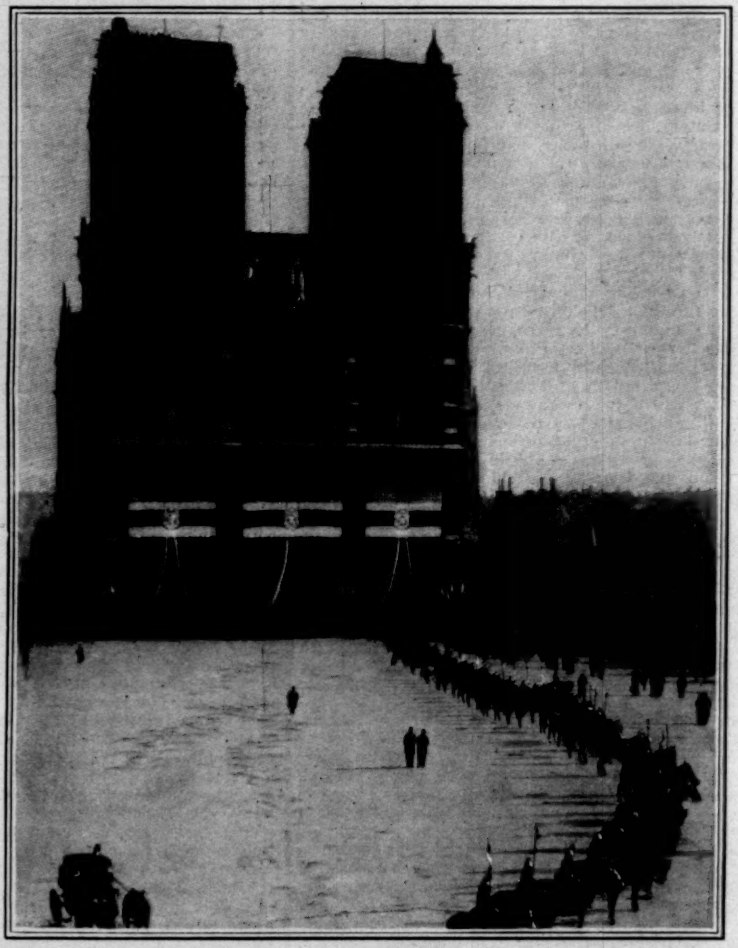
Charles Blanc, Prefect of Police, giving final instructions.

THE FUNERAL CAR LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE.



Dupuy. Loubet. Lebret.
Frank-Chauveau. Deschanel.

PRESIDENT LOUBET AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

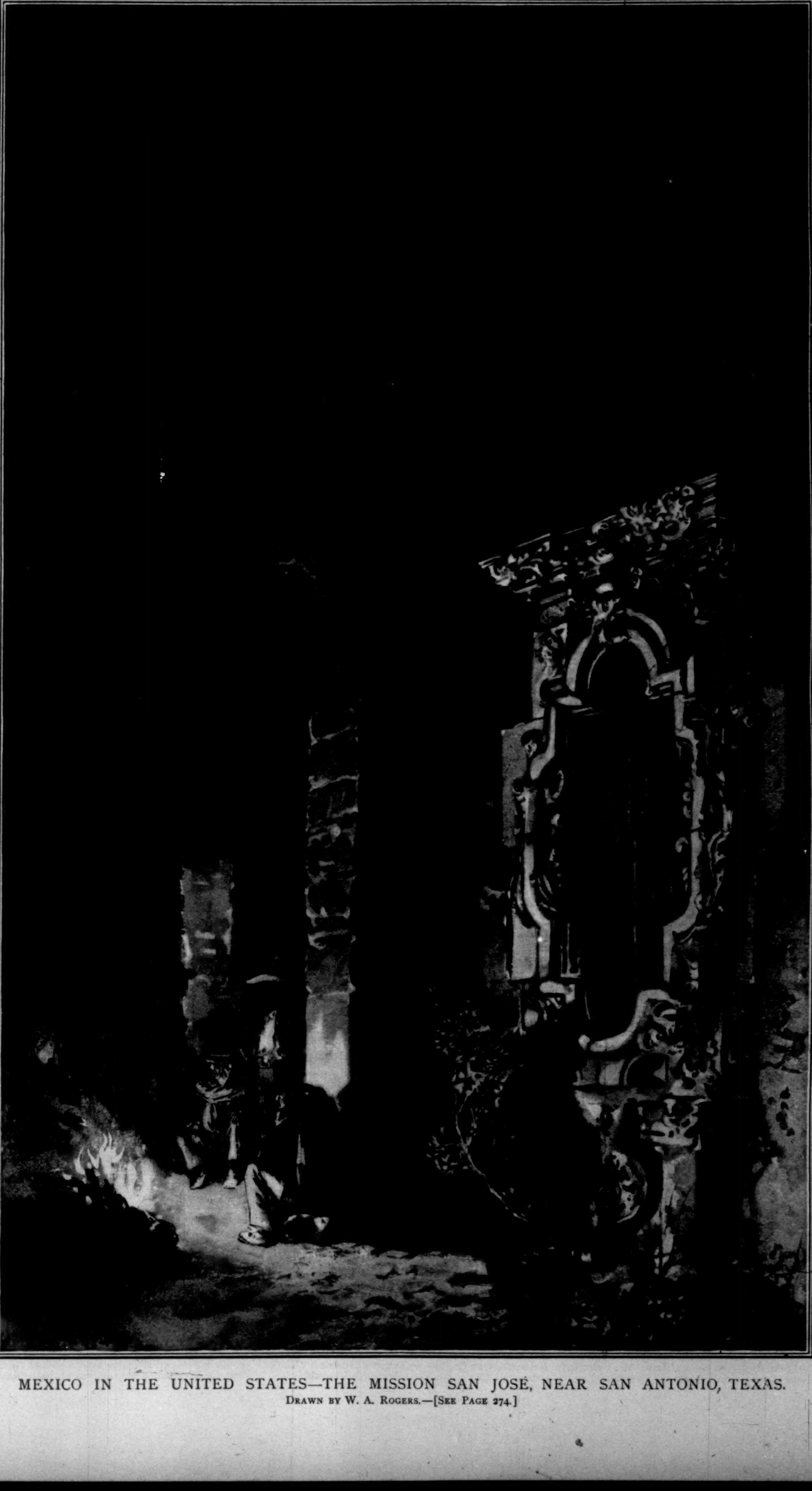


THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION AT NOTRE DAME.

Manau. Mazan. Loew.

JUDGES OF THE COUR DE CASSATION LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE—THE THREE PRESIDENTS LEADING.

PARIS—THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE, FEBRUARY 24, 1899.



MEXICO IN THE UNITED STATES—THE MISSION SAN JOSÉ, NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 274.]

places on the island. It may be that asphaltum will be discovered in paying quantities. Coal is said to occur in the western ranges, but closer scrutiny will very likely prove it to be lignite. A mineral fuel, it may be said incidentally, located in this region, would be a great industrial blessing, for the scanty supply of wood at the prevailing high price will make it necessary to import coal in great quantities, if the present industries are to make much expansion in the future.

Gold has been found in many of the mountain streams, notably in the Loquillo Mountains in the northeast, under the towering peak of El Yunque. In the seventies a French company secured privileges from the Spanish government to wash gold from the streams near Rio Grande, but the work was soon abandoned—it is said, because of failure to find placer gold in paying quantities. No mother-lode has so far been located in this range, which may yet disclose wealth under the searching eyes of prospectors. This year a number of parties have been scouring the upper heights of El Yunque, and rumors of finds are in the air. In the tributaries to the Rio Cibua, near Corozal, some fifteen miles southward of San Juan, gold has been washed from the streams by the natives, and often the San Juan merchants purchase very small amounts of gold-dust in exchange for store goods. The method pursued by the natives in securing this gold, it is related, is primitive in the extreme, being obtained by diving into the water and bringing the sand from the bottom in their clinched hands, panning it out afterwards on the banks of the stream.

Numbers of other minerals are named—none of them, so far as known, appearing in paying quantities. Copper, lead, garnet, and others of lesser importance are enumerated. Fine quartz crystals and agates have been picked up in many stream beds, and small blocks of mica are said to occur in the streams of the southern water-shed of El Yunque.

A geologic survey of the island would, in a year, settle most of the mooted questions as to the mineral resources of Puerto Rico, and would most likely save much foolish expenditure of capital by individual seekers after wealth. The Spanish laws, which reserved all rights in mineral lands for the government, deterred individual investors; but the government, like the dog in the manger, has never taken advantage of the power vested in it to make either mineral or general geologic surveys.

While every possible avenue to wealth in Puerto Rico will be exploited within the next few years by Americans with money and without money, as a generalization based upon the evidence of small mineral finds in the past, and the known geologic formations which promise little for mineral resources in the future, it may be suggested that there are many far more promising roads to fortune in industrial and agricultural pursuits than in the quest of a new El Dorado—that phantom which has lured the Spanish race, in centuries past, to its ultimate destruction.

Our New Possessions—*The Philippines*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

GENERAL MILLER'S EXPEDITION TO ILO ILO

Ilo Ilo Harbor, *January 5, 1899.*

It is the usual boast of Americans, when speaking of the dilatoriness and red-tape of older nations, that the United States would soon replace the slow and cumbersome machinery of old governments with new time and labor saving engines running at full speed with a minimum of coal and friction. American promptness and energy have become proverbial throughout the world. Whatever may be true of the individual today, our government has proved in the management of the Philippines that the boast has no foundation in truth. For the last six months we have been unable to get away from our narrow hide-bound methods, or to deal promptly and energetically with an emergency. The expedition to Ilo Ilo brings matters well before the public eye, and the following questions will be difficult for any one to answer satisfactorily: Why, if we were not ready to act and had no definite plan for the islands, did we start an expedition for Ilo Ilo? Why, if we were going, did we not start in time to relieve the Spanish garrison? Why, when once started, did we not land, instead of making threats and then lying inactive in the bay? American prestige is gone in the Philippines, and it will take bloodshed to re-establish it. All foreigners say, "What a mess your government is making of this affair!" All natives say, "The Americans are afraid of us!"

The story of our expedition to Ilo Ilo is not pleasant to tell about. The merchants of Ilo Ilo petitioned General Otis to send an expedition to relieve the Spanish garrison, no longer able to hold out against the insurgents. At that time the insurgents were crying out for the Americans to come. Then it was that we might have taken Ilo Ilo with the hearty consent of the people. But General Otis, not free to act on his own initiative in the smallest details, was obliged to get permission from Washington. It was eight days before an answer came, and in eight days the Filipino mind can change many times. Why it took eight days to decide a question where delay meant failure it seems impossible to tell. It is whispered here that President McKinley was on a Southern tour, and could not be troubled with so small a matter. Whether that be true or not, we started December 26; the object of the expedition was already defeated, especially with such orders as General Miller was bound down with—to take Ilo Ilo, but do nothing that would bring on a conflict with the insurgents.

In the mean time the Spaniards in Ilo Ilo were checkmating us. General Rios received a telegram from Spain saying that the islands had been ceded to the United States. There was no reason why he should expose his troops further to insurgent attacks. On December 21 he called the alcalde, or mayor, of the town, a Spaniard, and the consuls, to a meeting, and delivering the town over to the alcalde, asked the foreign consuls to protect foreign interests. Had General Rios believed that Spain had actually sold the Philippines to the United States, it would have been his duty to hand over Ilo Ilo to the United States consul, who was present.

On December 24, according to agreement with the insurgents, the Spaniards evacuated the town and sailed for a port in Mindanao. Next day, December 25, the insurgents marched into the town with two thousand organized troops armed with rifles. They kept out the wild hillmen armed with bolos, or knives, and in every way conducted themselves better than could have been expected even of a civilized army. No houses were looted and no individual revenges were taken. On the following day the shops of the town opened, and business was better than it had been for months before. The Spanish alcalde met the troops and the insurgent officials as they came up to take formal possession of the government building, and presented the town to them. He said "that he hoped the insurgents would be able to defend the city against all invaders." The trick was well planned and worked admirably; for the insurgents, under this treatment, gained confidence, and began to think that they could very well manage affairs without the aid of Americans.

When the *Newport*, the headquarters of General Miller, sailed into Ilo Ilo Harbor, we were surprised to find the town in the hands of the insurgents. We were further surprised when a delegation of insurgents came on board and asked why we had come to Ilo Ilo, and what recognition we were going to give to the Filipinos. General Miller promised to send a letter on shore explaining his position. I went on shore, and found only a few soldiers in the town. The old fort was unoccupied. Certainly, had we landed then and asked permission afterwards, our explanations would have received more serious consideration than they did. Nearly all the insurgent troops were two miles distant, across the river, at Jaro. The insurgent flag was down, and the insurgents evidently expected us to land. I am persuaded that we made a mistake in not landing then and there; for while it may be important for political reasons that no conflict be brought on with the insurgents until we have fully determined what we are going to do with the islands, it is of far greater importance for our future here that whatever our government does be done with force and decision. No mistake is so grave, in a situation like the present, as the mistake of indecision. When I landed at Ilo Ilo, I think a dozen men might have raised the United States flag without much difficulty. I staid in the city five days. At first I was treated with respect and allowed to go wherever I pleased. Little by little a change came about. With every communication we sent, with every evidence of hesitation we showed, the insurgents gained confidence, until at last I was obliged to leave the town on account of their hostile attitude. At first they made no preparations for resistance, but gradually they took heart and began to fortify the town. They took possession of the old fort, and threw up earth-works along the strip of beach on which our troops were likely to land. On the second day after our arrival, hearing that all foreigners were to be held as hostages, and that there was a strong guard on the quay, I walked down along the quay at midnight, and for the stretch of half a mile there was only one sentinel, with whom I chatted in a friendly way. When I left Ilo Ilo for the *Newport* there were two thousand armed men in town, who patrolled the place constantly. The streets were being barricaded, and there was not the slightest doubt that we should have to fight to take Ilo Ilo.

After the insurgent commission left the *Newport*, General Miller sent on shore a letter which strictly conformed to his orders. It declared that we had come expecting to take the town from the Spaniards, and did not wish to have any trouble with the insurgents. It ended by stating that we had come on an errand of peace, and we wanted to know what the insurgents would do if we landed. This letter was in itself a confession of weakness. I have no doubt the insurgents were astonished at our attitude, for our force of twenty-five hundred was larger than had ever been seen before in the harbor of Ilo Ilo. The native, however, was quick to take his cue. The committee stated that they belonged to a federation of states, and could not decide such important questions without instructions from Aguinaldo. They promised to consult the president of the insurrection in the island of Panay, General Lopez, and report to the *Newport* next day. That night great fires burned on the hills back of Ilo Ilo, a signal for the gathering of the hillmen who had been disbanded after the taking of Ilo Ilo. At noon on the following day fifteen thousand mountaineers, armed with knives, are said to have collected in Jaro. When the insurgent committee came to see General Miller next day, they demanded time to send a messenger to consult Aguinaldo. General Miller, an old Indian-fighter, who had chafed under his restricting orders, now openly declared that he had come to take Ilo Ilo, and was bound to do it; that he wished to avoid bloodshed, but as the insurgents were not open to advances, they must take the consequences. Thereupon the insurgent committee showed its hands. American soldiers landing without arms the insurgent government could not guarantee against attacks by the people. American soldiers landing with arms it would not guarantee against an attack by the insurgent forces.

Immediately after the conference, General Miller prepared to land his brigade. The guns of the Sixth Artillery were lowered into boats; the Eighteenth United States Infantry was in marching order, ready to land; the Iowa volunteers prepared to follow. Then occurred an unforeseen incident which changed the whole situation. A committee of the foreign merchants came on board the *Newport* with a petition signed by nearly all the merchants in Ilo Ilo, begging General Miller not to land until the insurgents had had time to consult with Aguinaldo. These were the same men who had begged General Otis to send down the expedition, and it was on account of their original petition that General Miller felt justified in landing to protect life and property in the face of insurgent opposition. This new petition took the ground from under his feet. The fact of the matter was that the merchants had heard the threats of the insurgents that they intended to burn the town in case the Americans landed. We did not land that day, nor the next day, nor the day following.

So far the attitude of the insurgent government was that of being unable to guarantee the safety of any troops that landed. Now a new step was taken—a meeting of the citizens of Ilo Ilo was called. Some of the foreign merchants attended, and President McKinley's proclamation, that had been brought down from Manila by the *Bonaventure*, an English cruiser, was presented. The extracts read did not produce a favorable impression.

First, we had come on an errand of peace.

"Why, then, did they bring a larger army than had ever been seen in the harbor of Ilo Ilo before?" asked some one.

Slavery had been abolished in the United States, and every individual was a free citizen.

"That is all very well about the United States, but what about slavery in the Philippines?" shouted some one else.

Then came an extract relative to the right of trial by native courts, and the right of natives to hold office—all in very general terms, promising nothing definite, but suggesting possibilities. After the reading was over, an insurgent officer arose and said:

"This town was officially handed over to us by the Spaniards, after we had besieged it for several months and lost many men. We are tasting the sweets of liberty for the first time, and now we are asked to give up the town to a strange people, who will not tell us what they intend to do after they are the masters. Shall we give up Ilo Ilo?"

The answering shout of "no" might have been heard half a mile away. An old man, in his enthusiasm, got up and shouted, "We will fight them in the bowels of our mountains."

Here at last was what we had brought on ourselves—a determination to fight us. From that moment the insurgents made every preparation to fight us if we landed. This was on the third day after our arrival; and when General Miller sent Colonel Potter back to Manila for orders, he sent word at the same time that Ilo Ilo would have to be taken by storm. All non-combatants left the town, taking with them all their household goods. The merchants loaded as much of their property as they could on lighters, and towed them out of danger across the bay. They themselves took up quarters on the various steamers in the bay.

To the expectant crowd on board the *Newport* the fresh orders that came from Washington showed the absurdity of managing the details of a Philippine campaign at such a great distance. In effect the orders were not to bring on a conflict with the insurgents; to land the troops, if their health required, somewhere and go into camp. The orders further asked if the President's proclamation could not be circulated in Ilo Ilo.

There was General Miller, sent to occupy Ilo Ilo, who, after declaring his determination to land, was forced to remain inactive in the bay. The effect on the natives will be incalculable all over the Philippines. To them it means that we are afraid. As to the proclamation of the President, it was with difficulty that any one could be found to translate it into the native language, and, after it was translated, no printing-press would print it. Copies were at last made on the type-writer of the *Newport*, and sent on shore. Whatever effect it had was unfavorable, for it stated that the islands were American property, and the army would at once proceed to take possession of them. Any one who resisted would be brought into subjection. Now the Indian is very proud of his flag and of his vague ideas of national independence. Consequently there is nothing that will excite him more than to tell him that the islands are American property. Again our action belied the proclamation, for our forces did not proceed at once to take possession of Ilo Ilo, but lay powerless in the bay. The insurgents, who know nothing about not bringing on a conflict before the Senate passes the bill ratifying the treaty, had another reason for believing that we were afraid. So there we lie before Ilo Ilo, an exploded bluff. Moreover, we cannot return to Manila, for if we do, the Germans have declared their intention of landing marines in Ilo Ilo, on the ground that neither Spain nor the United States can protect property there. There are only two reasonable courses open to us at present—either to remain completely inactive and stop talking until we know what we are going to do, or to go ahead and act without saying anything about it.

A little incident occurred on the water-boat, alongside of the *Newport*, which exemplifies native character. Our quartermaster seized the small water-boat, which gets its supply from a spring on the island of Guimeras. This water-boat is the only means of supplying ships in the harbor with water. The owner of the boat demanded sixty dollars a day, which was refused by the quartermaster. The owner went away, saying that he would get even with us. No one objected when a new crew of three natives came on board the water-boat. We had two American guards on the boat, who got on splendidly with the new crew. The captain of the crew was especially pleasant to the Americans—tried to talk with the soldiers, and in every way endeavored to make himself agreeable. That evening at dinner-time, just as dusk was fading into night, the two sentinels were eating their dinner at one end of the water-boat; the three natives were at the other end. The native captain got up and came towards the American guards, asking for a cigarette. Both Americans were sitting down, one of them threw his package to the captain. The next moment the native crew made a rush at the two guards. They were so taken by surprise that they did not have time even to draw their revolvers. One American was stabbed in the arm and shoved overboard; he was afterwards picked up by a life-boat, little the worse for his adventure. The other guard was found on the deck of the water-boat with his head split from ear to ear. There is little chance of his recovery. Two of the native crew did not attempt to escape, and were found in the water-boat. They strongly assert that they are innocent. The captain jumped overboard and escaped. The whole affair was a cold-blooded and treacherous murder, planned with utter disregard of consequences. No doubt the idea was to get possession of the water-boat.

STRAINED CONDITIONS IN MANILA

Manila, *January 23, 1899.*

I returned to Manila, well knowing that there was nothing more to be done in Ilo Ilo until the Senate voted on the treaty of peace. In Manila American stock was below par.

"Why, if you went to take Ilo Ilo, did you not take it? You cannot treat the Indians in this way," said all the foreigners.

Meantime the Tagalos have grown impudent. They elbow our generals off the sidewalks. They openly threaten to cut all our throats. They laugh at us. Jimmy Green bites his lip, hangs on to himself, and finds comfort in the idea that his turn will come sometime.

Manila is panic-stricken, but panic-stricken to a degree. Each day brings some new story of insurgent plans to wipe the American forces in Manila out of existence. These plans are met each time with counter-preparations by our army. As a result the town is in a turmoil the whole time. Hardly an officer but sleeps with his revolver under his head and his boots on. Our sentries at night challenge and fire with little hesitation. Already two of our sentries have killed natives who were trying to steal upon them unawares to stab them and take their rifles. In both cases the sentries were slightly wounded. Since this occurrence natives are very careful how they approach our outposts.

To-day the rumor has spread that after attending church, where they will be armed, the natives in town will rise. It is claimed that they have smuggled large quantities of arms down river into town. Peaceful people stick the end of their noses out of their windows and watch with anxiety the street corners. Many native servants have gone over to the insurgent army, taking with them as much of their masters' personal property as they could carry. My own boy left two days ago with my revolver, my watch and chain, my purse, and several minor articles. I felt grateful that he left me my tooth-brush. I have no doubt that, arrayed in his new splendor, he will get a commission in the insurgent army. I have obtained a new revolver, and hope to see my boy again before I leave the islands.

A few days ago there was a stampede on the Escolta. Men, women, and children ran for their lives; soldiers rushed to their barracks; carriages and horse-cars galloped at a breakneck speed towards the outskirts of the town. On investigation, it was found that the cause of all this turmoil was one drunken soldier who ran after one Filipino. The strain of constantly expecting something that never comes is really very trying, especially at night, when every creaking of a board suggests the stealthy pace of the midnight murderer.

General Otis did not issue President McKinley's proclamation, but one of his own, which was dated Manila, January 4, and was substantially to the following effect:

The United States forces came to give the blessings of peace and individual freedom to the Filipinos; all natives honestly endeavoring to co-operate with the American authorities will be rewarded; the municipal laws of the country will continue in force in so far as they may be applicable to a free people, and will be administered by officers chosen, in so far as it may be practicable, from the inhabitants of the islands; public property, revenues, etc., will be managed by the United States military authorities until a civil administration can be established; private property will be respected, and, if taken for military use, will be paid for at a fair valuation; the ports of the islands will be open to the commerce of all foreign nations, and goods will be admitted on payment of such duties as may be in force at the time of importation; and the aim of the administration will be to prove, in the language of President McKinley, "that the mission of the United States is one of beneficent assimilation, which will substitute the mild sway of justice and right for arbitrary rule." General Otis, in conclusion, expressed the opinion that it was the intention of the United States government to appoint the men forming the controlling element among the Filipinos to civil positions of trust and responsibility; to draw from the Filipino people as large a proportion of the military force as possible, and to increase the privileges of the people until their government should eventually become "as free and independent as is enjoyed by the most favored provinces of the world."

Aguinaldo's protest appeared some days later.

"The government of the Philippines," said the dictator, "has come to the conclusion that its duty is to explain, before all the civilized powers, the facts bearing on the rupture of amicable relations between the Filipinos and the army of the United States of America in these islands." He accordingly explained that, after the naval battle of May 1, Admiral Dewey consented to his (Aguinaldo's) return to his country, and supported the revolution by a distribution of arms. The Americans, he asserted, took no part in the military operations which resulted in the expulsion of the Spanish forces from Luzon, the Visayas, and a part of Mindanao, though they contributed "to some extent" to the Filipino success; they availed themselves, however, of the insurgents' trenches constructed about Manila, and captured the city. But "the Spaniards would never have surrendered if my forces had not closed every road of retreat into the interior." Admiral Dewey seized the Filipino launches; General Otis insisted upon the withdrawal of the Filipino forces beyond a certain line "marked on a plan"; commissioners who sought to put themselves in communication with the American authorities were treated very cavalierly; the "complete independence promised by United States Consul Pratt in Singapore" was not obtained, but, on the contrary, forces were sent to Ilo Ilo by General Otis to take possession, "in the guise of conquerors, of that nation occupied by my government. . . . a violent and aggressive usurpation of a portion of our territory." And the proclamation closed with the words, "On their heads be the blood that will be spilt."

Aside from minor details of disagreement, the ground of difference is plain enough. Aguinaldo demands the recognition of his government, and will be satisfied with nothing short of national independence with an American protectorate. The American government will not recognize the insurgent government, nor will it promise Philippine independence. To prevent bloodshed if possible, General Otis appointed a commission of Brigadier-General Hughes, Colonel Smith, and Colonel Crowder to confer with a commission of Filipino citizens appointed by General Aguinaldo, for the purpose of promoting peace and good-will between the people of the United States and of the Philippines. These commissions met, and it at once came to light that, beyond the vague idea of national independence, the Philippine commission could formulate no definite ideas as to what they actually desired. They attempted to conjure with that very elastic word "protectorate" (which we might use with such effect were we less honest), but were nipped in the bud by demands for an explanation. By far the most important statement that the Filipinos made, however, was that the people were out of hand, and even if the government at Malolos was inclined to give in to the United States, the people were determined to fight. In other words: We have spent six months in the Philippines; we have actually made all manner of concessions to the insurgent government; after taking Manila we have in no way encroached on their territory; but so bungling has been our management, that at the present moment, when we are about to take up the administration of the islands, we have the enmity of the whole population. This state of affairs does not promise well for the future.

Colonel Crowder spoke very plainly to the commission. He pointed out to them that no foreign nation recognized them even as belligerents. That our presence in the islands was the only barrier which prevented foreign nations from swooping down and gobbling up the islands without any conferences or parleys with the insurgent government. We certainly would not stay unless we obtained some benefit for the United States for so doing. The ignorance of the Philippine government and people on these points proved satisfactorily enough their present incapacity for self-government. Colonel Smith then took a hand in the matter, and by close questioning brought out the fact that the present insurgent government was not representative of the people, but was largely appointed by a few men. The government was therefore merely provisional. General Hughes wound up by talking on broad, general grounds. It was all very well to talk about the Philippine victories over the Spaniards; the crushing blows the United States had inflicted on Spain were the only true reason for all the insurgent successes. The aid furnished by the Filipino army to the United States was of doubtful utility, for when all had been said and done we had really bought the islands from Spain, and all military movements in and about Manila, after the destruction by Admiral Dewey of the Spanish fleet, did not count. The American army was constantly hampered by the unreliability of the so-called insurgent assistance around Manila, and would have been able to deal with the Spaniards much more satisfactorily if the insurgents had not been present. The Filipino commission were sent home, to bring back at an early date more reasonable and definite demands from their government. A few days later another meeting was held, and the Filipinos brought a final proposal. This proposal, of course, was unreasonable. Its details are not made public, but this much may be said, that they ask that the United States shall first declare the independence of the Philippine Islands, and afterwards establish a protectorate. That we should want the control where we are responsible they cannot be made to understand. Colonel Crowder apparently suggested a new idea to the insurgents when he asked them what would become of the Philippine hopes of independence if Germany, with her present Hong-kong fleet, should occupy Cebu? At present there seems little hope of a peaceful settlement.

There are elements of extravaganza in the situation. A manifesto has appeared, no one knows from where, written in pidgin-English, supposedly by an American soldier. It consists of a long tirade in favor of the insurgent position, and winds up by a seditious appeal to American soldiers. "Our officers," it says, "are keeping up the war for personal ends of self-aggrandizement. American soldiers, if we fire on the Filipino patriot, let us fire high so as not to hit him." The perpetrator of this joke is now in prison.

Every night with darkness come alarming orders, troops are confined to barracks. Timid people seek the refuge of the walled city or the fort to sleep. If one takes a walk in the beautiful moonlight, sentinels crouching at every corner lower their bayonets and glare at one with the glittering eyes of a maniac. I begin to think the insurgents are right—we have actually come to fear them.

One yarn in closing this letter. It concerns the prison and two Tennessee volunteers. A Filipino convict had climbed the prison wall and was running for dear life through the open. Two long-legged Tennesseeans were on guard duty. They kneeled to fire.

"I don't guess it's more than three hundred yards," said one, quietly.

"I reckon it's most five hundred," said the other, as if he were discussing the weather.

The prisoner was running like a deer, and rapidly approaching the undergrowth around innumerable little huts, where he would be safe.

"Call it four hundred," suggested the first Tennesseean, in a conciliatory tone.

They adjusted their sights, aimed, and fired. The escaping convict fell, and the two Tennesseeans went out to bring in what was left of him.

"If he's hit in the head, it's my shot," said one.

"I aimed low, acco'din' to a'my regulations," drawled the other.

The convict was found with one bullet through the back of his head and another through the lower end of his spine. They know how to shoot in the mountains of Tennessee.

PARIS

February 24, 1899.

TO-DAY, for the second time in five years, the French capital has been the scene of the funeral of a President of the republic. Such an occasion brings vividly to the surface the wonderful capacity of the French people for elaborate display, and the result of the preparations of the past week was something to which it is difficult to do justice. The day was one of peculiar significance, aside from its main interest, touched as it was with an apprehension of danger and disorder, for it is not too much to say that the authorities confidently expected outbreaks along the line of march, and the measures taken to suppress any such manifestations lent an added picturesqueness to the military brilliance of the pageant.

This morning, as we passed along the quays from the Palace of the Elysée to Notre Dame, the sight was inspiriting. The army was everywhere. Columns of infantry filled the side streets and lined the entire route on both sides, and above the heads of the crowd we could see the constant gleam of helmets as troops of cuirassiers and light cavalry galloped to and fro. The Place de la Concorde was covered with people as with a black robe, its statues lost to view, its fountains buried under a deluge of spectators. All the approaches to Notre Dame were guarded by lines of infantry and gendarmes, and by the contrast the great space of the Place du Parvis in front of the cathedral was impressive in its emptiness.

The ceremony had the virtue of promptitude, for it was barely half past eleven when a long double line of gendarmes swept down the square, followed by a squadron of the 1st cuirassiers and a battalion of chasseurs. As these passed the square was empty again, except for the Military Governor of Paris, General Zurlinden, and his brilliant staff, superbly mounted, and advancing slowly toward the cathedral. But only for a moment. Six huge cars covered with funeral wreaths rolled into view, and after these the catafalque itself, surrounded by its escort of dignitaries and by its military guard, moving like a mountain, its six horses caparisoned with trappings of black studded with silver stars, and led by grooms in cocked hats and long black cloaks.

Then came the picture of the day. The square filled rapidly with battalions of the republican guard, with regiments of the line, with dragoons with drawn sabres, with cardinals and bishops, ambassadors and diplomats, officers and their staffs, members of the legislative bodies, and delegations from all the cities of France. Above us was an absolutely cloudless sky, and to the left the huge gray front of Notre Dame, draped with heavy hangings of black and silver. Back of us, and to the right, the stately façades of the Prefecture of Police and Hôtel Dieu loomed up, hung with crape and furled flags, and across the gardens and the river was a wall of humanity banked up blackly against the buildings that line the opposite quay. From the four corners of the square there came a ripple of little red and white pennons from the stationary lances of troops of light cavalry, and the air vibrated with the deep tolling of the cathedral bells, punctuated at intervals of one minute by the detonations of heavy guns. Every imaginable hue showed itself in the dazzling whole. With black and bay of hundreds of horses, with bronze and silver of helmets and cuirasses, with the rich red of the robes of the cardinals and the Cour de Cassation, with the myriad tints of mammoth funeral wreaths, with splendor of diplomatic and military uniforms, with ermine and satin and gold lace, the great assemblage blazed and burned in the warm spring sunshine, halted for an instant, like a human rainbow, before the doors of Notre Dame.

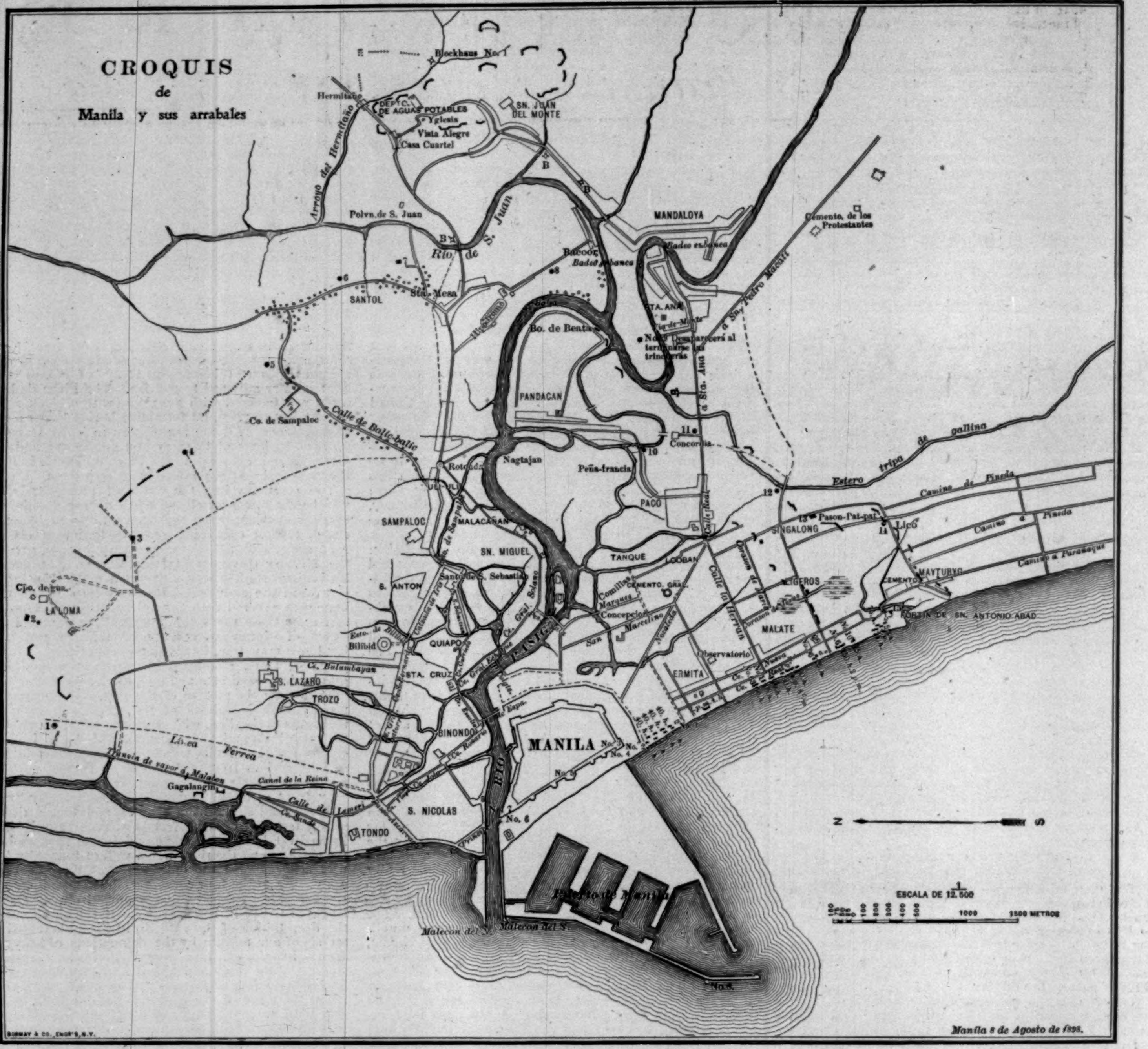
Then came the flash of swords and sabres and the sharp rattle of rifles as the troops came to "present arms," and all the multitude uncovered as the coffin, draped with the tricolor, was carried into the cathedral.

Inside Notre Dame a huge catafalque was reared in the nave, and heavy hangings of black and silver hid the pillars, and lent an extraordinary atmosphere of grandeur and solemnity to the dim interior. Forty candelabra, each bearing three hundred candles, flooded the cathedral with soft light, and from tall cressets lining the nave funeral fires flared fitfully against the darker background of the side aisles. Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, presided at the mass which followed.

In less than an hour the bells of the cathedral boomed out once more, this time in a chime, and the funeral car rolled heavily from before the doors on its way to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the funeral orations were delivered, and the body of Félix Faure was laid to rest in his family plot. For two hours the procession unrolled itself upon the square, made a magnificent sweep before the cathedral, and disappeared to our right down the rue d'Arcole. To American eyes the great funeral wreaths, marching like strange monsters across the plaza, were far from beautiful. The majority were of yellow immortelles or artificial flowers, and, considering their significance, curiously gaudy. Each bore bows of crape and ribbons, with the name of the city or organization whose tribute it was, and each was surrounded by its delegation. One delegation was especially interesting—that of Alsace-Lorraine. Two girls in peasant costume carried banners of black satin, on which in silver letters were the words "Metz" and "Strasbourg." The people uncovered at the passing of these banners as they had at that of the catafalque; and one thought of the Strasbourg statue on the Place de la Concorde, and realized afresh that the wound is still open, and that France does not forget.

But of all figures in the pageant the most significant was that of President Loubet, as, on foot and with bowed head, he followed the body of his predecessor to the grave. The metropolitan press comments to-night upon the reserve of the multitude, and the consideration shown to the new executive; but surely it would have been a strange thing if at such a time any had been found to repeat the jeers which greeted him last Saturday on the way from Versailles. Nevertheless, one cannot admit the boast of the French papers, "Paris respects her dead," as heartily as, what was far more evident, the fact that Paris respects her police.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.


CROQUIS
de
Manila y sus arrabales
Blockhaus No. 1
Hermitaño
DEPTC. DE AGUAS POTABLES
Yglesia
Vista Alegre
Casa Cuartel
SN. JUAN DEL MONTE
Arroyo del Hermitaño
Polvn. de S. Juan
Rio de S. Juan
MANDALOYA
Cemento de los Protestantes
Badeo esbanca
Bacoor
SANTOL
Sta. Mesa
Hipódromo
STA. ANA
Bo. de Beata
No. 9 Desaparecerá al terminarse las trincheras
a Sta. Ana
a Sn. Pedro Macati
PANDACAN
Co. de Sampaloc
Calle de Balic-balic
Concordia
Nagtajan
Peña-francia
Rotonda
ULI-ULI
SAMPALOC
MALACAÑAN
SN. MIGUEL
PACO
Calle Real
Estero tripa de gallina
Camino de Pineda
Camino a Pineda
Camino a Parañaque
Pason-Pat-pat
SINGALONG
Lico
TANQUE
LOOBAN
S. ANTON
Santo de S. Sebastian
Cjo. de gua.
LA LOMA
Bilibid
QUIAPO
CEMENTO. GRAL.
LIGEROS
MAYTUBYG
CEMENTO
FORTIN DE SN. ANTONIO ABAD
Comillas
Marques
Concepcion
San Marcelino
MALATE
Calle la Herran
Observatorio
ERMITA
Cs. Bulumbayan
S. LAZARO
STA. CRUZ
PASIG
TROZO
BINONDO
MANILA
No. 3
No. 2
No. 4
No. 5
No. 6
No. 7
No. 8
Linea Ferrea
Tranvia de vapor á Malabon
Gagalangin
Canal de la Reina
Calle de Lemeri
TONDO
S. NICOLAS
RIO
Puerto de Manila
Malecon del N.
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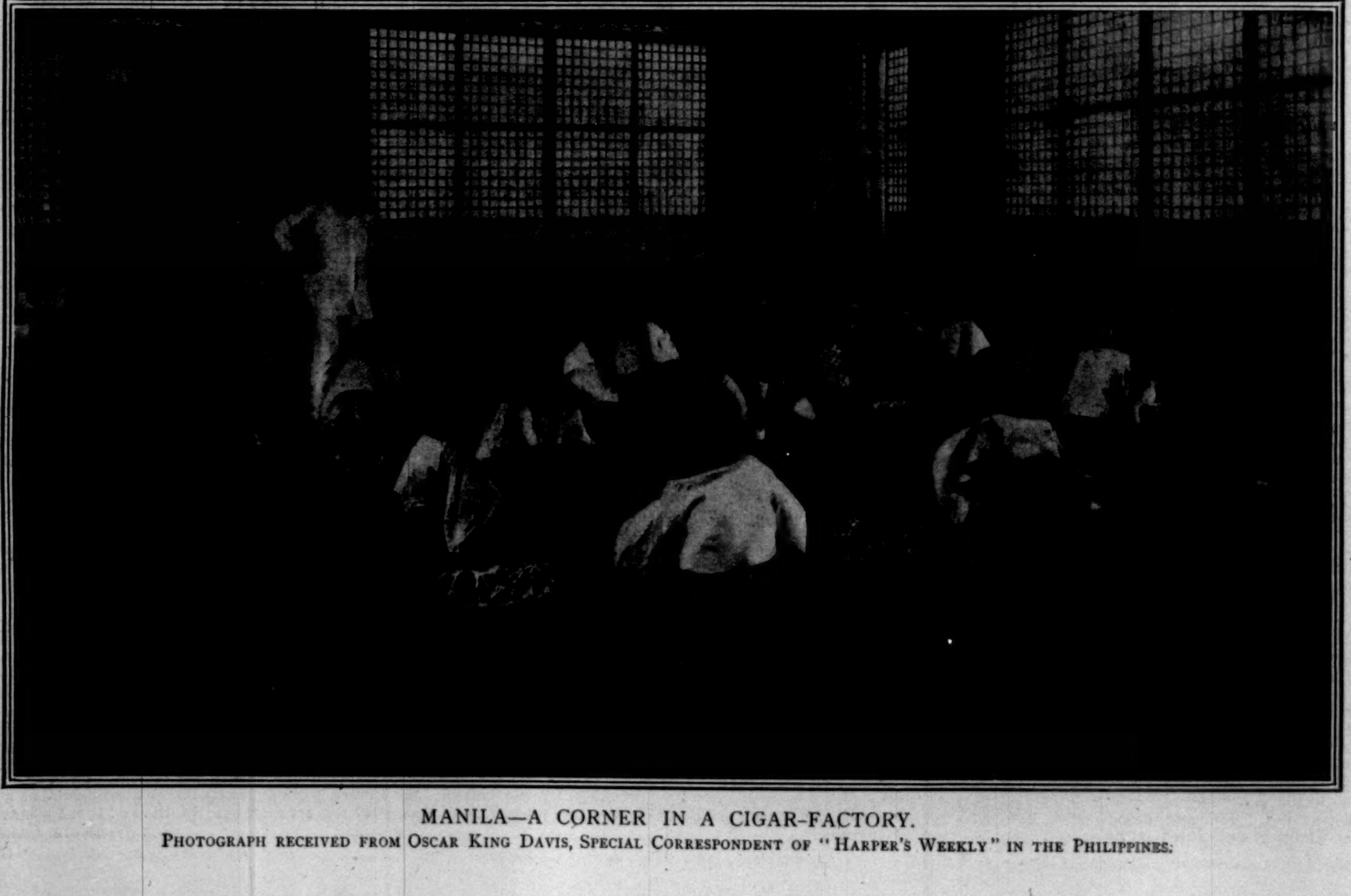
BORMAY & CO., ENGR'S, N.Y.
Manila 8 de Agosto de 1898.

MANILA AND ITS DEFENCES.

From a Tracing made of an Official Spanish Military Map by Frank D. Millet, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.



MANILA—A CORNER IN A CIGAR-FACTORY.

Photograph received from Oscar King Davis, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.

The RECONSTRUCTION *of* CUBA

LIBERTY & JUSTICE

By Franklin Matthews

I.—HAVANA UNDER AMERICAN MILITARY RULE

WHATEVER shall be the final outcome of the military occupation of the island of Cuba by the United States—whether complete or temporary independence of the people of the island, or annexation in some form to the United States—the first sixty days of that occupation will always probably remain its most interesting and important part. During the first two months of the stay of the American army in the island, for the declared purpose of pacifying the country and establishing a stable government by the people of Cuba, a vast and extensive governmental machinery was set in operation. It involved enormous labor and great tact. It required patience, courage, and a shrewd business foresight.

In those two months the momentous task of reconstructing a foreign land was begun. It was a land cursed by centuries of misrule, whose chief characteristics were corruption, disease, and filth, and this misrule was practised upon a nervous, volatile people, polite and in most respects gentle, and as keen mentally, from the most intellectual and refined to the most ignorant and brutal, as probably exists anywhere in the world. It is of these first few weeks of American occupation that I intend to write, as seen in a month's journey throughout the island where the chief railroad systems run. The story to be told comes from the lips of men of every degree, from American major-generals to the peasants that live in huts, from pro-Spaniards, from annexationists, from advocates of complete Cuban independence, from merchants, professional men, and laborers in the fields.

It is a story that will probably reveal to Americans something of the tremendous labor that our army officials have had to undertake, and something of the fidelity, under a strict compliance with the idea that American military occupation of the island was to be only temporary, with which they began their task. Not until one visits the island and examines minutely into the work that was established in these first sixty days can he understand thoroughly the extent of the labor involved, and not until then can he appreciate the devotion to duty of our officials—a devotion that required the burning of lamps by hundreds of men night after night until long after midnight—and what it has meant, and will mean, for the island of Cuba.

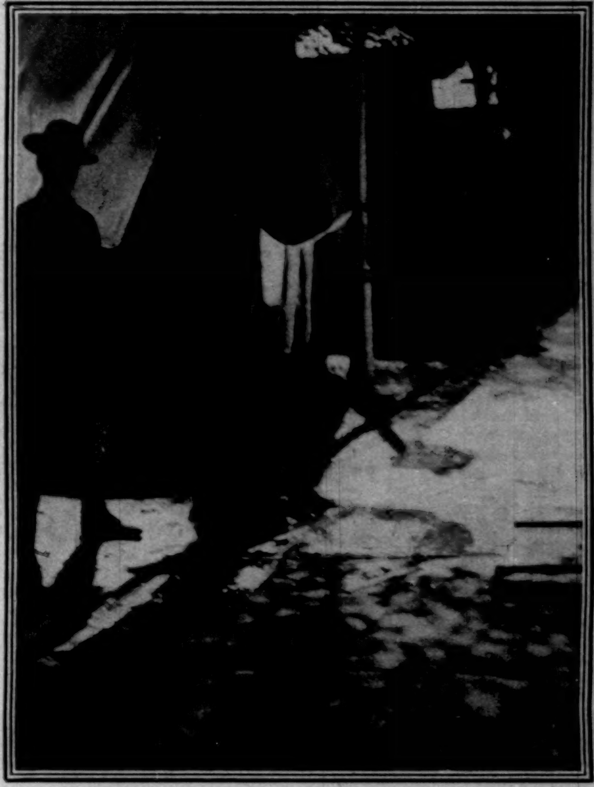
Interest in American military occupation of Cuba centres first of all and chiefly in Havana.

The moment I stepped upon the wharf at the landing I needed no visual proof to know that I was in Havana. An odor, which only such a city could produce, and a description of which need not and should not be given, reached my nostrils. It came from a sewer which runs directly under the Custom House, and which has been one of the most deadly agents of infection in the city. Then came a dash in a carriage through the narrow streets of the older part of the city, past warehouses, the captain-general's palace, up one of the chief business streets of the town with its glittering shops, and then I came to the attractive park in the centre of town, about two-thirds the size of Union Square in New York city, called Central Park, alongside of which the celebrated Prado runs, and around which centres the life of the city at night. Electric lights made the place very bright, and the garish colors of the buildings accentuating the arcades and columns and arches and barred windows, with the lights of hundreds of cabs speeding in various directions, and the babel of voices from the crowded cafés, made a night-picture such as probably only Havana can show.

Two sentries in the uniform of the United States soldiers stepping smartly down a side street gave me my first glimpse of the meaning of American occupation of a foreign land, and then I stopped at my hotel just as the notes from a chorus in "La Traviata" rang out upon the air from an adjoining theatre. I had caught a glimpse of no less than three balls on my way, and as I stepped to the sidewalk and bumped my way into the hotel, I realized that the walks in the central part of town were crowded with pedestrians, and the city seemed to have the gayety of a Paris and the activity of a London. A mere glance showed that it was frivolous and happy, and that the scars of war, if there were any, were hidden. Up a marble staircase I was escorted, and through a Cuban parlor with four rocking-chairs on one side of a rug facing four other rocking-chairs on the other side, and then down a long narrow hallway with pink and blue doors that must have been fifteen feet tall, with little numbers tacked on them so high that one could scarcely read them. One of these barn doors was unlocked, and I found myself in a narrow room, with marble floor, scant furniture, and a canopied bed decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons—colors that were plainly a concession to the new order of things in the town.

Fifteen minutes later I was out upon the streets. They were lined with sidewalk cafés; throngs were passing up and down; one caught the sound of more English than Spanish in the hum of conversation; hundreds of men in the American army uniform were seen, and soon the notes of a bugle in the camp of half a dozen companies of the Tenth regular infantry, encamped upon the promenade of the Prado directly in front of my hotel, told me that American occupation of Havana was not semi-commercial, as it seemed at first, but strictly military. The voices of street fakirs filled the air; bootblacks were crying "shine" and "polish"; a man in a doorway next to the great Tacon Theatre was shouting through a monster megaphone, in English, the merits of his "magnificent Trilby show, boys not admitted." A crowd stood about the doors of the central fire station on Central Park, the modern fire apparatus and American horses to draw it being a constant source of wonderment and pride to the citizens.

It was a busy night in the well-known café of the Inglaterra Hotel. At one table were Captain Sigsbee and a party of friends; at another sat Robert P. Porter, fresh from his interview with General Gomez, in which he won the famous old man over to the idea of temporary occupation of the island by the Americans, and proudly exhibiting to his intimate friends a telegram of congratulation from the President and Secretary Hay over the success of his mission. Senator Proctor passed through with another party of friends, and there were generals and colonels and captains and lieutenants enough for a small army seated at the tables or passing in and out. Over in Central Park hundreds were seated in chairs, from which the city collects a revenue of ten cents a sitting, listening to the music that came from the ball-rooms of two of the clubs that face upon the park. Newsboys were darting about, cabs were hurrying hither and thither; and as one walked about, dozens of little wizen-faced children, scantily clad, but with the air of professional beggars stamped upon their manners, thrust their hands into one's face and asked for pennies. Every kind of head-gear was in evidence, from the Derby and tall hats of perspiring Americans to the light straw hats of the natives and the helmets of the tourist in the tropics. Here and there professional beggars carried naked babies about, in the hope of catching pennies from Americans overladen with riches, and occasionally a woman in widow's weeds passed along, telling a story to the imagination of the horrors of reconcentration under the butcher Weyler. Ticket-speculators were selling admissions to the separate acts to the opera in the Theatre Payret, and snatches of conversation were heard of Americans planning to get an option on this or that public works, or arranging to enter into some business venture, provided there was assurance of a stable government. There were said to be no fewer than eight thousand Americans in town.



10TH REGULAR INFANTRY, HAVANA'S TEMPORARY POLICE DEPARTMENT IN CAMP ON THE PRADO.

The first thing to impress an observant visitor to Havana as he goes about the town is the fact that the streets are really clean. In the first week of February, when I first saw them, one month after American occupation, I found them as clean as the streets of New York, especially under Tammany rule. Another thing that was a great surprise was to find that the water of the harbor seemed even cleaner than that of New York Harbor. I remember that I spoke especially of this to General Ludlow, the military governor of the city and suburbs. I said,

"General, I crossed the harbor this morning, and was surprised—"

"You expected to find the water of Havana Harbor," interrupted the general, "precisely like the Chicago River."

"Exactly!" I exclaimed.

"And you found it as clean, if not cleaner, than the water in New York Harbor," was his response. And it was true. And, in passing, it may be proper here to remark that the amount of exaggeration in public print regarding affairs in Cuba has not been confined by any means to the city of Havana. Another thing to attract instant attention in the city was that our soldiers, who were doing police duty with loaded rifles temporarily, were respected everywhere and obeyed instantly. The duty was irksome to them, and they rebelled inwardly against it, but on all sides there were quiet and order and a full disposition by all the people to make the best of the new situation. Still another thing to arrest instant attention was the fact that the horses, and even the dogs, of the street were in good physical condition. By nine o'clock in the morning the streets were lively with drays that were ungainly and unwieldy, and that filled up almost the entire narrow highways in the business part of the town. The mules which drew the drays were wiry little animals, and looked as much out of place drawing those enormous carts as a boy does in his father's clothes. A bunch of sleigh-bells attached to the collar of each harness, and long thick tassels of bright colors depending from the necks and flanks of the mules, were fitting accompaniments to the gaudy red Tam-o'-Shanters of many of the Canary-Islanders who drove the carts. The combination of noise and color accomplished the object of the drivers, which was to attract attention to themselves, and fulfil that ardent desire, met everywhere in Cuba, to occupy the centre of the stage, so to speak. As the hot sun sent its beams down through the narrow streets, with sidewalks just wide enough to be simply a stepping-stone from a carriage to a shop, clerks and porters appeared at doorways, and began to stretch the awnings across the ropes and wires that ran from building to building, thus shading the highways, a sight common in many old tropical and semi-tropical cities. All about the open space near the Custom House drays were drawn up in large numbers, and in every quarter business dealings were in full operation.

The only sign that there had been a war was the American and Cuban flags flying from hundreds of buildings, and American soldiers going about the streets on their sentry beats. In walking down to the water-front on my way to General Ludlow's headquarters I passed into a foul-smelling narrow highway within three minutes' walk of the centre of the town, and soon

LICKING HAVANA'S NEW POLICE FORCE INTO SHAPE—DRILLING AN UNUNIFORMED BATTALION ON THE PRADO.

an armed United States sentry, with his rifle at port arms, stopped me, and said,

"Americans cannot go through here, sir."

"Why not?" said the rapidly rising independent spirit of the American citizen.

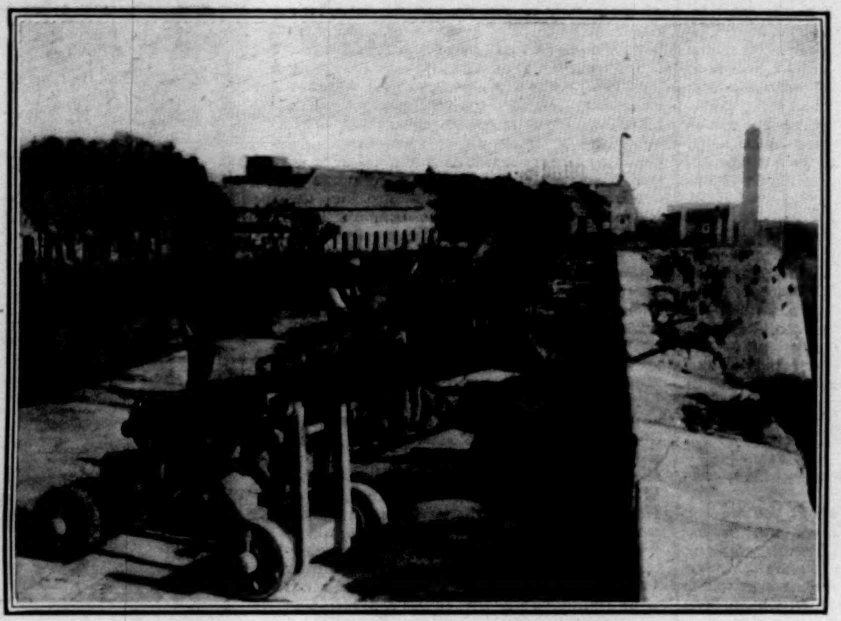
"General's orders, that's all."

"Yellow fever?" was the inquiry.

"No, sir; simply because this is the one place in Havana where no American can possibly have any business."

I took one glance down the street, and saw that the general was right. The heart of the sentry softened, and he let me walk with him to the corner of the next block, and I have to say that if there is a viler place this side of Port Said I don't know where it may be found. The episode was a good illustration of what our military occupation of Havana means, and it is mentioned here for that reason.

During the first two months of our occupation—and it is probably true at this writing—there were few busier places on the Western Hemisphere than the headquarters of General Ludlow, down in the palace of the city governor on the water-front; a fine building in a beautiful location, opposite old Cabañas, and commanding a splendid view of the harbor and its narrow entrance. The corridors were thronged, one might say, with hundreds, all desirous of an interview with General Ludlow himself. There were army officers, syndicate-hunters, dozens of persons seeking passes to Morro Castle, scores of impoverished people asking for food, city officials, personal friends of the general, priests, and tourists. Every one seemed to understand that General Ludlow was struggling with the most difficult problem, not purely military in character, that had probably ever been given to a United States army officer, but each also seemed to think that it would be a welcome respite to an overworked official if the general would give up a few minutes of his time for a conversation on this and that topic, and especially on the political conditions in Cuba. It was necessary for the general to hide himself up a narrow winding staircase, with two sentries at the bottom, and an aide in an outer office, whose chief business it was to act the part of a private secretary and keep callers away from his superior. This aide was a volunteer captain from a Massachusetts regiment, a man whose independent means permitted him to be seen on Sunday afternoons occasionally driving a tandem about town, and who was in the army from a patriotic sense of duty and a love of the soldier's life; and so thoroughly did he accomplish his duty as a buffer against the onslaught on General Ludlow that I may mention that although I was the bearer of a personal letter from Secretary Alger to General Ludlow, and although General Ludlow had marked on my card, "O K, at any hour. W. L.," I was more than three days in reaching the general's presence. It is only fair to the aide to remark that on my second call on the general I was able to see him in fifteen minutes.



AMERICAN VISITORS TO CABAÑAS FORTRESS.

A cursory examination of General Ludlow's task was sufficient to show that if he succeeds in his work of regenerating Havana he will leave for himself a monument that will last for all time. It was also sufficient to show that he has the work well in hand, and that if he is left alone he will accomplish it. He not only had to attend to his military duties as Governor of the city, but he had to feed the starving, to clean the city outside and inside, to take the responsibility of putting off for nearly a year the work of sewering the city, to disarm the volunteers of Havana, to study the problem of reform of taxation, and to keep the city municipal machinery in motion, so as not to permit the military occupation of the city to become offensive to the people. How well he was accomplishing this task will be seen in detail in other chapters of this story of reconstruction.

In common with a host of other American citizens, I had felt a sense of disappointment that General Fitzhugh Lee had not been placed in direct charge of affairs in Havana. Without any disparagement to General Lee, it is proper for me to remark that, after studying General Ludlow's work, I am convinced that no mistake was made in placing this reserved, keen, apparently unsympathetic army engineer, than whom there was probably no better equipped expert in sanitary matters in the United States, in charge of this momentous work. It was evident at the time of my visit that the work was wearing on him. His face was drawn and almost haggard, but his mind was as alert and quick in its action as that of any man I ever met. So patient and courteous was he, despite reports to the contrary, that he even gave up part of his dinner hour to talk over the situation with me, in order that the people of the United States might form some accurate and clear conception of what was really going on in Havana. He was bearing the hardest kind of a "white man's burden," and if, in addition, he was playing for the stakes of lasting reputation in the esteem of his countrymen and in history, it was that laudable kind of ambition that springs from a lofty sense of duty, and a willingness to sacrifice health and life if necessary to accomplish it. Good-luck to General Ludlow! If he accomplishes his work, and I believe he will, future generations in Havana will speak of him in gratitude. The administration of William McKinley can do no better work for Havana than to support him to the last ditch.

It is pleasant to write that the people of Havana were co-operating with General Ludlow to the fullest extent. There was friction here and there, of course, but there was no disposition not to obey his wishes in every respect. The people of Havana accepted the new order of things without murmur. There was no sign, as one went about the streets and attended places of public amusement and talked with merchants and other citizens, that they resented the domination of a so-called "conquering army." There was no drawing of skirts by women as they passed American soldiers, no lofty tone of superiority by men as they went about their daily tasks. And on the part of General Ludlow and General Brooke, the military Governor-General of the island, as well as every other military commander in Cuba, there was the manifest disposition to make the military occupation as light a burden as possible, and in no sense that of a conquering nation. Our army was everywhere playing the consistent part of a sincere ally.

It is fair, however, to remark that there was one discordant element in this acceptance of the situation. It came from irresponsible, and sometimes from responsible, journals published in the city. The spirit of yellow journalism seems to have descended upon the town. There was a disposition constantly to forget that the island was under military rule, and to nag and peck at the military authorities. In some cases outrageous criticism and assaults were made upon our generals—assaults that would justify the immediate suppression of the publications; but it is a tribute to the patience and good sense of our generals that they ignored them publicly, although privately they chafed a good deal under them, and chose to regard them as mere mosquito or flea bites, the most common causes of personal irritation in the island.

Probably the most striking signs of American military occupation, outside of the actual presence of our soldiers, were the placards posted up in every café and drinking-place in the city to the effect that by order of General Ludlow positively no alcoholic liquors were to be sold to our soldiers. The order was obeyed almost literally, but occasionally a soldier could be seen under the influence of liquor—the only drunken persons to be seen on the streets, for the people of Cuba do not get drunk; and it is not pleasant to say it, but it is said to be true, that since our occupation of the place more Americans—soldiers and others—have been placed in jail than any other class of citizens. On the other hand, that tells its own story of law and order in the city.

Everywhere in Havana there were brilliant lithographs advertising various brands of American beer. It is a wonder that some enterprising agent had not plastered the sides of Morro Castle with these signs. One would think, from the number of them in town, that we were simply a nation of beer-guzzlers. One noted with satisfaction, to offset this, that in many of the shops there were signs, "English Spoken Here," and American bicycle-stores, type-writing establishments, haberdashery stores, were a pleasant relief to "Greater New York Cafés," "St. Louis Cabinets," and "Chicago Retreats" that had sprung up on all sides. The American occupation of Havana came home to me with a jar one day when I was passing through busy Obispo Street, as I read this sign:

STOP AMERICANS!

CHEWING-GUM SOLD HERE!

TEN CENTS A PACKAGE!

It will not do to take too seriously the sign "English Spoken Here." The interpreter frequently lives or does business half a block away, and sometimes he cannot be found. When he does arrive his English is likely to correspond to an advertisement that I saw at the entrance to a barber shop. It read, "Very good works made here." Here is the advertisement of an "American restaurant," taken from its business card:

> This first class of establishment offeir the public, rooues with every confort and convinience for accommodation of permaent anf trancient guest.

It will be observed that there is more trouble with spelling than with syntax in that sentence. Here is an extract from a circus handbill printed in "English":

> Special collection of train dogs introducing Dommestical Dogs and ETC presented by Mr. Antoni Pubillones.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the dogs were not responsible for that advertisement.

And so the American military occupation of Havana unfolded itself to a visitor. Americans were to be seen everywhere. There were adventurers, visitors, business men, investors, men and women of every kind, from the United States, but actual crooks—John McCullagh sent home the first arrivals of American crooks, and the word was passed to the others to stay away. Then there were the sights of the town to be looked after. The bullet-hole in the mirror of the Inglaterra Hotel, where the correspondent of an American newspaper was shot at just before the Spanish evacuation, and the famous "dead-line" at Cabañas fortress, were alike the source of great interest to Americans. The bootblack who sat down and smoked as he polished your shoes, and then rang a little call-bell three times to announce that he was through, and afterward, to amuse you, puffed out his cheeks, bowed his arms far out in front of him, and jolted himself up and down on his bench, as he shouted "General Lee!"—it would have made the general himself laugh—did a thriving trade. The drilling of the new police by John McCullagh attracted hundreds to the Prado daily. There was guard-mount to be seen every morning. One of the most beneficent results of our occupation was the fact—marvellous to be told of Havana!—that not an immoral book was on sale in any of the book-stores. Four wagon-loads of them had been seized and burned by American soldiers. Here and there a long train of army wagons, laden with provisions, was starting out for a trip in the surrounding country to feed the starving, and in five army depots in town hundreds of the hungry were to be seen drawing rations until they could find means of subsistence themselves. Every tobacco factory was running in full blast, and there was not a cigar-maker in town able to work who was not making at least four dollars a day—a circumstance which accounted probably for the crowded condition of the cafés in all parts of the town. Now and then one caught a glimpse of a carriage with coachman and footman, and occasionally some of the aristocratic ladies of the city were to be seen shopping at night. On every side the American soldier was in evidence, and it did the average American citizen good to note his uniform dignity and the respect in which he was held. The buildings, every window barred with thick iron rods, the interiors disclosing a lavish use of marble, seemed to make the place a city of jails and fortifications.

And as night fell with a sudden blanket of darkness, and the lights on the streets, in buildings, street lamps, and hundreds of cabs dashing about like so many fire-flies, came out; as the throngs appeared on the streets, and the sound of music reached the ear from the public square—one of the most unattractive of all the plazas in Cuba—and scores of masked women were seen riding to a dozen balls, it was interesting to stand on some balcony, like that which opens upon the rooms of the special deputy collector of customs, Mr. Walter A. Donaldson, at the northwest corner of the plaza, or Central Park, and watch the attractive and seductive life of the place. The light on old Morro, across the entrance of the harbor, shot its beams up the Prado, over the long rows of Indian laurel-trees that line the promenade of that famous street, and it was easy not to notice the beggars, who, after all, the children eliminated, were not more numerous than along Park Row in New York in the summer-time at night, and it was difficult to realize that the city had felt the horrors of war in the starvation of thousands in its streets and public places only a few months before. The city was brilliant, happy, and there was only a faint odor here and there to remind one that it was not yet entirely clean.

Whatever shall be the result of the American military occupation, this much may be said truthfully, that if that occupation takes no harsher form than it did during its first two months, Havana for generations, and probably for centuries, will be glad that it existed.

Diary of the Revolt

GERMAN COURTESY—RESIGNATION OF THE SAGASTA MINISTRY—THE ARMY BILL—ADMIRAL DEWEY—NATIVE POLICE—PHILIPPINES COMMISSION—MAUSERS AGAINST SPRINGFIELDS—SEVERE ENGAGEMENTS EAST OF MANILA.

Tuesday, February 28.—General Otis cabled, "Everything quiet here past three days," and stated that, in addition to the troops sent to Cebu, he was about to send a battalion of California volunteers to the island of Negros, with the returning Negros commissioners.

The Madrid *Reforma* asserted that large quantities of arms and ammunition, sent from Japan, had been landed on the west coast of Luzon. Its comment was, "Japan evidently intends to act towards the Americans in the Philippines as the Americans acted towards the Spaniards in Cuba."

The German government notified the State Department at Washington of the withdrawal of the cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta* from Manila, expressing confidence in the ability of the American military and naval forces to care for the lives and property of German subjects in the Philippine Archipelago.

Wednesday, March 1.—The Filipinos at Malabon constructed earth-works and prepared to mount a battery in front of the church which the *Monadnock's* shells had destroyed.

An attack was made upon the Nebraska volunteers stationed east of Manila at the reservoir. It was easily repulsed.

The captured Spanish gunboat *Laguna de Bay* and a battery of the Sixth artillery bombarded Guadalupe (on the Pasig River). About fifty Filipinos were killed.

General Rios, in charge of the negotiations for the release of Spanish prisoners still held by the Tagalogs, cabled his government that the $500,000 offered as a ransom had been refused, and the sum demanded was $7,000,000.

At Madrid, Señor Sagasta handed the resignation of the ministry to the Queen-Regent. This step was taken in consequence of an effort of the Opposition groups in the Spanish Senate to defeat the government's bill providing for the cession of the Philippine Islands.

At Washington, the Senate army reorganization bill was passed without amendment by a vote of 203 to 32. This measure provided that until July 1, 1901, the President might maintain the regular army at a strength not exceeding 65,000 enlisted men, and raise a force of not more than 35,000 volunteers—the enlistments in the volunteer force to be for the term of two years and four months.

Filipinos in the neighborhood of Manila were busily preparing their defences in anticipation of an attack as soon as the re-enforcements for General Otis should arrive.

Thursday, March 2.—General Otis reported the arrival of the transport *Morgan City*.

Friday, March 3.—President McKinley sent to the Senate his nomination of Rear-Admiral George Dewey to be Admiral, in accordance with the provisions of an act approved March 2, creating the grade of Admiral in the navy. The nomination was confirmed, and through this appointment the commander of the United States squadron off Manila became senior to Major-General Otis, the commander of the army at Manila—the office of Admiral corresponding to that of General, which is two grades above Major-General.

A despatch from Berlin stated that the appointment of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William, to the command of the German squadron in Chinese waters, had distinct political significance. The Prince replaced Admiral Diederichs, whose attitude towards the American officers at Manila had given offence on several occasions.

At Madrid, the Queen-Regent accepted Señor Sagasta's resignation, and requested the Conservative leader, Señor Silvela, to undertake the formation of a ministry.

A despatch from Manila contained an item the importance of which was not generally recognized. It was to the effect that the Colonel of the First California Infantry, commanding the sub-district of Negros Island, had been ordered to organize an armed native police and put them under military discipline—an effort to carry out the sensible plan suggested in General Otis's proclamation of January 4, and perhaps the first step towards drawing from the Filipino people as much of the military force of the islands as possible. It should be added that an order issued by General Otis had established a Visayan military district, comprising Panay, Cebu, Negros, and other islands of the central Philippine group, under the command of General Miller.

Saturday, March 4.—At Washington, the Fifty-fifth Congress adjourned *sine die*.

At Manila, the cruiser *Baltimore* arrived from Hong-kong, having on board the civil members of the United States Philippines Commission, namely, Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University; Colonel Charles Denby, ex-minister to China; and Professor Dean C. Worcester, of the University of Michigan.

The transports *Senator* and *Ohio* arrived from San Francisco with the Twenty-second Infantry.

There were two engagements during the day. The gunboat *Bennington*, replying to a challenge of the shore battery at Malabon, silenced the enemy's guns, and set a portion of the town on fire. At San Pedro Macati, General Wheaton's left was attacked, and the firing continued for an hour; re-enforcements for the Filipinos were repulsed while attempting to cross the Pasig; one of our men was killed and two were wounded. (Note: General Wheaton relieved General Charles King, when the latter fell ill, in the command of the brigade immediately south of the Pasig River.)

Sunday, March 5.—One band of natives fired on a boat's crew from the *Bennington*, wounding the assistant engineer in charge; another burned a village southeast of Manila. Throughout the day the men in our lines exchanged shots with the Filipinos, some of the latter using Mausers, which were accurate to twelve or fifteen hundred yards, and effective to two thousand, while the Springfields with which our volunteers were armed were scarcely accurate beyond five hundred or effective beyond eight hundred yards. In other words, Filipino sharpshooters could pick off our volunteers with impunity by taking positions of attack discreetly within a belt of country, say, seven hundred yards wide and twenty-five miles long. There seemed to be more than one reason for the anxiety of short-shooting troops to "catch the enemy with their hands," and the impression was received at Washington that our splendid fellows were getting nervous and restless under the annoying sharpshooting of the Filipinos.

Within the city of Manila, the arrival of re-enforcements had produced a good impression. Numbers of people were seen in the streets, and social life began to resume its usual course as in a time of peace.

Marrion Wilcox.

Manila's Defences

THE map which appears on page 270 of the Weekly shows the defences of the city proper and its immediate suburbs against a land attack. That part of the city called "Manila" on the map is what is known as the "old city." The points marked by heavy dots and numbers are outposts and block-houses, where, under the Spanish rule, small detachments were maintained for the purpose of overawing the natives. The short heavy lines indicate trenches or redoubts. Caloocan lies about one mile north of the end of the "linea ferrea," or railroad, on the map. San Pedro Macati lies somewhat less than two miles south of San Juan del Monte, just at the end of the road marked "á San Pedro Macati" on the map. The numbers along the shore-line from Manila to San Antonio Abad indicate block-houses and redoubts erected by the Spaniards as a protection against the turbulent Tagals from southern Luzon. The numbers "40 h.," "50 h.," etc., indicate the number of *hombres*, or men, each was meant to hold; "2 p. m." means two pieces of artillery mounted. Santolan is some two miles east of San Juan del Monte, on the Mariquina or San Mateo River, a branch of the Pasig. Mariquina is a mile north of Santolan, on the same river. *Camino* is the Spanish word for road.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

RIGID RULES ENFORCED.

Veterinaries of the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co. examine cows supplying milk for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, to guard against any contamination. Send for "Infant Health." Information valuable to every mother.—[*Adv.*]

THAT ORIGINAL MARRIAGE.

The last echo of the six days' race, which caused such a commotion in the press circles—during the marriage ceremony celebrated on the track one could have fancied themselves in a chapel, such warm perfumes filled the air. It was the bridemaids of the lovely bride, who were all decorated with Fleurs Sachets of Oriza-Legrand. An original idea, is it not?—[*Adv.*]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

To ladies suffering from sick-headaches valuable information will be given. Address, with stamp, Jessie de Forest, Janesville, Wis.—[*Adv.*]

America makes the finest brand of champagne. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It is delicious, fruity, and pure.—[*Adv.*]

Secure a sound mind and sound digestion by using Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

A brain and body bracer—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. All druggists' and grocers'.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS

On a Buffet In a Twilight Room

The glow of a Low Fire Reveals

Hunter Baltimore Rye

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY

The Bottle Gleams

Hunter is Comforting

If you need a stimulant it will comfort you

Sold at all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HUNTER RYE
HUNTER
BALTIMORE RYE
WM LANAHAN & SON
BALTIMORE

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle

The name of quality

Swift and Company

Swift's Premium Hams, Swift's Premium Breakfast Bacon, Swift's Silver Leaf Lard, Swift's Beef Extract, Swift's Jersey Butterine, Swift's Cotosuet.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

1899- 35th -1899

Annual Statement OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

Life Department.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

Accident Department.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

CHEW Beeman's The Original Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him
That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with **Pepsalt** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.

Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.

The Vaupel Samaritan Co., 45 Sheriff St., Cleveland, Ohio.

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist.

PIANOS and the refined musical public

New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING, 170 5th Ave. Cor. 22d Street.

CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

The Mission San José

WHILE San Antonio is not offensively a health resort, many Northern people who are not particularly robust, or who object to cold weather on general principles, are to be seen sunning themselves on Alamo Plaza during the winter months.

The main points of interest for a stranger in San Antonio are the old Spanish missions. With the exception of the Alamo, which stands in the heart of the modern town, these old buildings are strung along two or three miles apart on the river.

The Mission San José de Aguayo, about six miles out, is one of the most interesting as well as the most beautiful of all. It is an enormous rambling old building, partly in ruins. Originally it was surrounded by houses built in the form of a hollow square. A few of these houses still exist, and are occupied by Mexican Indians, who quarter their cattle and mules in a part of the old church. The windows and doorways are richly sculptured in a light soft stone, which is particularly effective set in the old gray stucco walls. The Mission San José was built, or at least begun, about 1720. It must have taken many years of patient work to finish it. The doors are of panelled cedar elaborately carved. Two of these doors remain, and are in very good order except for the scribbling and chipping of tourists.

The remarkable thing about the sculptured work on San José is its marvellous freedom. There are good strong lines underneath, but the sculptor has played with his design with such evident joy that his happiness is communicated to whoever has the good fortune to look on his work.

Now that these old buildings have fallen into decay, they still afford shelter from an occasional cold norther to the Mexicans who cling to the old neighborhood.

W. A. ROGERS.

LONDON

February 25, 1899.

THE extraordinary reception given to Lord Charles Beresford by the Chamber of Commerce and other prominent and representative Americans is not without its effect on English politics. The man in the street is gratified that a popular English sailor should be thus honored in the United States. Lord Charles Beresford, however, is a thorn in the side of officialdom and constituted authority in this country. Copious telegrams have been received detailing his progress from San Francisco to New York, and his speeches and those of his principal entertainers are reported almost as fully as if they were delivered in London. This publicity and the distinction with which he has been received enhance Lord Charles Beresford's importance as a politician, and as he is an extremely independent Conservative, and has the courage of his opinions, it is tolerably certain that the question of the Far East will occupy a more prominent place after his arrival in this country than if he had come home *viâ* the Suez Canal and the dozen custom-houses referred to by Mr. Whitelaw Reid in his speech at Delmonico's on the subject of the open door. Lord Charles Beresford's hospitable reception in America, besides being gratifying to the great majority of the British public, has enabled him to act as a sort of informal ambassador on a subject of great importance to both the peoples concerned. In the highest administrative sphere, however, Lord Charles does not inspire enthusiasm. He is a possible minister, and bureaucrats rarely feel kindly towards their likely successors. American hospitality has greatly helped Lord Charles at a critical moment in his political career, but it could scarcely be bestowed upon an English politician who is less besmirched with selfish aims. The opinion of people in government circles, however, is that, notwithstanding his almost royal progress from California to Washington and New York, Lord Charles will not succeed in persuading Parliament to take the action in China which he considers the necessities of the case demand. Whether this be so or not, all the precedents point to the fact that a few years hence every one will agree that Lord Beresford was right in his insistence on the reality of an open door in the Far East. I hear, by-the-way, that one of the first results of the attempt to maintain the unclosed portal is the establishment of a golf links at Peking. Another member of Parliament, Mr. Cumming Macdona, who has also been in the Far East, found Peking without a course. He left it with a fully established golf club and a playable round laid out on the race-course on the outskirts of the city. The British ambassador, Sir Claude Macdonald, has become a convert to the game, and the Chinese caddies are described as being excellent of their kind, but somewhat too adroit in the discovery of lost balls.

THE adjournment for six months of the Anglo-American Commission has not surprised those in the habit of following Anglo-Canadian interests. As I said in my letter to the WEEKLY of July 9 last:

"I gather that anxiety is felt, not least in government circles, as to the composition of the Anglo-American Commission for the arrangement of the difficulties between the United States and Canada. I may perhaps record the conviction entertained here that, unless the commissioners appointed on both sides are qualified by their antecedents and opinions to come to an early arrangement, a favorable issue is scarcely to be expected."

It cannot be denied that if Mr. Foster's appointment to the commission was not altogether significant of the successful achievement of its labors, Lord Herschell's nomination also left something to be desired. Lord Herschell is not a lucky man. The enterprises with which he is connected have a knack of failure. He consented to become Lord Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's brief government when Lord James, to his eternal fame, declined the honor. He is the chairman of the Imperial Institute, which, if not a complete failure, has not added to the strength of the imperial movement. Then, again, Great Britain, when acting on behalf of Canada, is in the position of a trustee administering a cestui qne trust on behalf of an exacting ward. It cannot be denied that the refusal of the American commissioners to adopt the terms of the reference of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission excites comment here. It may be recalled that in the spring of 1896 an eminent American writer pointed out, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that President Cleveland, by his action regarding Venezuela, had given away the whole American case regarding the Alaskan Panhandle. The friendly spirit, however, which animates both London and Washington, and—what is of more importance—the nations behind, is of good augury for the success of future negotiations. It is a pity that for political reasons enemies of an Anglo-Saxon friendship should devise plausible fictions with the view of embittering international relations. It is to be supposed, however, that the authors of these falsehoods agree with the English school-board child who recently defined a lie to be "an abomination to the Lord, but a very present help in the time of trouble."

I MAY mention on authority, that the rumors in circulation about Sir Henry Irving's financial position and ill health are destitute of foundation. The sale of the Lyceum Theatre and of Sir Henry's acting rights in certain plays to a limited company has been accomplished. He is now hard at work at Margate studying the book of Sardou's new play, which is to be produced at Easter. Sir Henry Irving is the only living actor who has received honorary degrees at the universities of Cambridge and Dublin. He is about to have conferred upon him the doctor's degree at Glasgow University.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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Newest Types
Motive power below flooring.

Safe No Heat
Simple No Smoke
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Fully Guaranteed

Can't Explode Can't Sink

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Health Cigars

Are Made of the Finest Imported and Domestic Tobacco

which has first been treated to a solution discovered by Prof. HUGO GEROLD, of the University of Halle, Germany, accredited with being the greatest authority in Europe on nicotine poisoning. In these cigars the

Nicotine is Rendered Harmless by Being Neutralized

but not removed, and therefore the

Flavor or Aroma is Not Affected

Recommended by Physicians Everywhere.

52 Million Health Cigars smoked in Europe last year and consumed by all classes, from the peasant to the

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who smokes them exclusively under command of the Royal physician.

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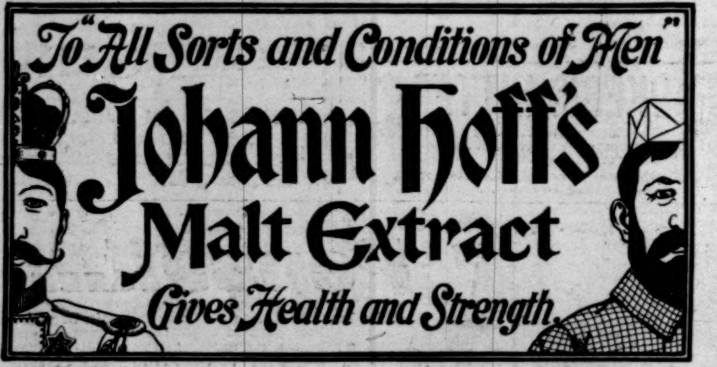
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FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

AMATEUR SPORT

IN a small square room of deep corners and high ceiling, with doors barred and fear of interruption removed, I want, some day before I "shuffle off this mortal coil," to stand face to face with the athletic freebooter.

I want to lay hold of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of college sport where no escape by transformation will be possible.

I want to analyze, where to dissemble is unavailing, the hypocritical spirit which calls loudly on the public to bear witness to its virtue—the while its agents are industriously looting the dearest traditions of wholesome sport.

I want to lay bare the soul of the marauder who justifies his pillage by a professed belief in degrees of amateurism.

And I want, above all else, to run to earth the contemptible wretch who preaches his accursed belief to schoolboys.

I want to drive the athletic impresario into chancery, and dispel the "business" atmosphere that envelops amateur sport.

THE RADNOR HUNT CLUB'S ENGLISH HOUNDS.

I want to stake out on the campus for university condemnation the sensation-seeking newspaper correspondents who put lies in the mouths of their victims and a professional coloring into the college atmosphere.

I want X-ray photographs of the minds of the disingenuous faculty athletic committee-man and of the disingenuous amateur.

THESE sentiments are not new to the readers of this department. I have uttered them before; but some of the communications in the budget of mail collected during my absence last week in Chicago prompt the reiteration—and with added fervency!

Here is an indignant protest against my challenge of the amateur status of a golfer who was written down as playing for a purse of fifty dollars. The gentleman denies he is a professional—the purse, he says, was for twenty-five dollars, not fifty!

A hockey-player whom I had arraigned for unsportsmanlike, not to say foul, work, disputes the justice of my criticism, but adds that perhaps he was a little "too open" in his tripping and hacking of opponents!

A retired club-manager pleads devotion to his club's success in extenuation of unwholesome methods employed, and adds that "anyway" the season turned out "poor," and the players "divided very little money"!

Several pages filled with protestations of purity come to me from a faculty member whose university athletic managers have repeatedly and flagrantly offended the ethics of amateur sport.

And, last and most surprising, I find from Harvard sources letters and despatches and editorials bristling with defence of preliminary practice, and indignant to suffocation over my statement, in the issue of March 4, that Harvard "permits its football-players to be gathered and trained and gratuitously boarded a couple of weeks before term opens"—whereas they are gathered and trained and gratuitously boarded as "guests" at the country place of some Harvard alumnus a week or so before term opens.

TRULY I regret my Cambridge correspondents should not have read a clearer lesson in my lines of two weeks ago. My admiration for Harvard's general attitude in sport is too patent and has been expressed too frequently to permit of the petty twistings of my words or misinterpretation of their spirit. My comment stands without bracing, and requires no explanatory key.

Harvard has exerted a potent influence for wholesome sport in the last eight years, and, on the whole, has come nearer, in my judgment, the ideal of sport for its own sake than any other university in America. But that is not to say Harvard has no shortcomings.

Curiously, Harvard was slowest almost of all Eastern colleges in officially outlawing the "summer-nine baseball-player," who infested college baseball a few years ago.

And now, when all friends—unprejudiced friends—of college sport are united in condemning preliminary football practice, behold! Harvard defends it! 'Tis not that Harvard is more to be criticised than Yale, Pennsylvania, or Princeton, but she has given us reason to expect in this direction more than we do of the others.

PRELIMINARY practice is a feature of football, at the four large Eastern universities, against which there are unremitting opposition from fair-minded *alumni*, and strongest aversion by all sportsmen. Official opinion at the universities appears to be about evenly divided.

There are the Pharisees who ostentatiously beat their breasts and call upon sportsmen to bear witness that they are not as other college athletes, faculty members, graduate advisers—needing prompting in the interpretation of the spirit of the athletic law.

Then there are those others who, unmindful of the spirit, turn the letter over and over, seeking its weakest point.

Thus we have the breast-beaters and the rule-beaters; one party stands on the house-tops expounding the ethics of sport, while the other party is busily at work in the cellar, planning a means to circumvent the good gentleman on the roof. A Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde combination that is responsible for many inconsistencies, not to say hypocrisies.

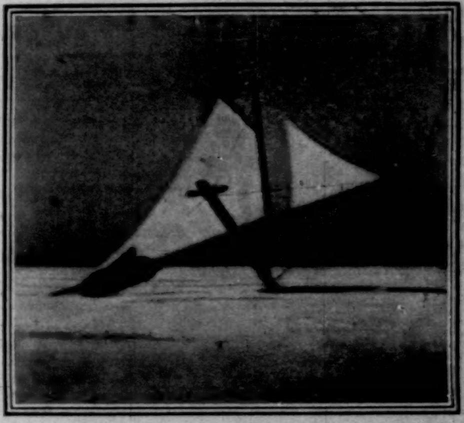
Dr. Jekyll, in the person of some university official, or other, promises an end of preliminary practice, or a reduction of gate charges, or some like reform; and, lo! even while the tomtoms and the cymbals are sounding on the house-tops, Mr. Hyde, in the person of a football or baseball manager, sand-bags and spirits away Dr. Jekyll, and we hear of the good doctor no more until after the playing season.

DR. JEKYLL appears to have no difficulty controlling Mr. Hyde when the point at issue is not one of material importance, but on any question touching alleged aids to athletic success the worthy doctor seems unable to hold his double in reasonable check.

This Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde exhibition in college sport is humbuggery, of course. It is within the absolute power of the Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania faculties to forbid preliminary practice. That they do not forbid it is evidence enough they believe in it, or at least have no objections to it.

Therefore I say no President or faculty member of any one of the colleges endorsing preliminary practice can command respectful attention or expect our confidence when he publicly deplores "excessive training," and prescribes remedies of intricate formula and trifling practical value. He is not sincere. If he were, he would begin by forbidding preliminary practice at his own college; for if there is any feature in college sport more suggestive of "excessive training" than getting football-players together in preliminary practice a couple of weeks before term opens—I should like to have it pointed out.

NO present feature of college sport has more of the spirit of professionalism than "preliminary practice." It is absurd to talk about its benefits in moderation. Season after season has demonstrated the fallacy of those benefits. And who is to set the gauge of moderation? Who is to decide between the two if Harvard, for instance, takes only her half-backs and full-backs for a ten days' preliminary practice, and Yale takes all her candidates for two or three weeks? Who shall say what is moderation and what is not? Who is to deny Pennsylvania's or Princeton's right to get all her candidates together and send them to a mountain hotel for the entire summer vacation?



ICE-YACHTING IN A STIFF BREEZE.

What is the difference, in principle, between two weeks and four weeks? between eight men in preliminary practice and eighteen—between six players training as "guests" of an alumnus, and twenty-three training as guests of a club of alumni?

The argument that "the two weeks of practice just before the opening of the year are necessary to get the players into condition for the opening games" is ingenious, but really very weak if carefully considered. The simple reply is—not to schedule games so early in the season.

REAL fact is, football has become such a money-maker that managers crowd in as many games as they can, with an eye to the profits of the season.

Increased gate and the hope of getting something of an advantage over an opponent—this is what preliminary practice is really for.

Preliminary practice and the "business" of money-making go hand in hand. It is this that the faculties of Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Princeton endorse by permitting the gathering and training of football candidates before the opening of term-time.

The fact as to whether a regular training-table is established, similar to the one run during term-time, or whether the men are entertained as guests by an alumnus, is beside the question. But, considering that feature alone, in my opinion it is less an offence against the ethics of college sport to have a regular training-table established by the college athletic association, and the men contributing their share as they do in regular term-time—than to be the guests of an alumnus.

The danger lies in the advantages that might be taken of such guest privileges. Sadly enough, we must always provide against the vicious. The object with which the football men are brought together as guests at some alumni's house is not their entertainment, but for preliminary practice in the game. Therefore the term guest, as usually understood, is misleading. The men are guests for the purposes of football. And it is quite apparent how this privilege could be abused were it taken up by a college with a less wholesome conception of amateur sport than Harvard. Here is a possible result against which we must guard.

W. L. Barnett. J. P. Brock. A. C. Coxe. H. Palmer. S. Campbell.

G. C. Walworth. F. E. Seeley. S. S. Stoddard, Capt. G. S. Mittendorf, Mgr. R. E. Smith.

YALE'S HOCKEY TEAM—WINNER OF INTER-COLLEGIATE SERIES.

AND is this the sort of spirit—this spirit that so emphasizes the need of winning—to be encouraged in amateur sport?

The true end of amateur sport is not victory, but the thrill of honorably, resolutely contending for it. Higher than sport are self-respect and honesty and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the spirit of the amateur and conscience of the sportsman. Which breathes the spirit of sport for its own sake,—and may the best man win.

When the spirit of gain, by either direct or indirect methods, is permitted entrance in our recreations, they lose their amateur significance and cease to be healthful. This is why university athletic committees and college faculties should never relax their vigilance nor rest in their endeavors until the highest ideal is established and maintained. We want healthful rivalry, and scientific, rigorous competition; but, above all, we want the highest tone to rule in our athletic relations. We want vigorous, healthful sport, and manly, honest athletes. All the world may love a lover, but it loves, too, a sportsmanly valiant fighter.

Harvard and the other universities afflicted with preliminary practice would better etherize Mr. Hyde.

PITY it is that Harvard and Yale, arranging for their boat-race on the Thames, cannot settle their business matters with the New London Board of Trade without the mercenary flavoring we find in the despatches from New Haven and Cambridge.

Every undergraduate manager should, on election, be taken into some dark corner and earnestly instructed in the ethics of college sport. Perhaps then we should be spared these comments of this manager or that manager, which read precisely as we should expect Sharkey's manager to declare himself—to wit—We're out for the money—see? If youse don't come up with the green, why, we'll chuck yer for the Slugger Club, what 'll give us more stuff—see?

Coming on top of their declaration for the Thames as the most fitting rowing-course, the newspaper statements of the Harvard and Yale managers that other cities have made "handsome financial offers for the race," and that some of them will get it unless the New London Board of Trade "puts up"—grate most unpleasantly on the sportsman's ear.

It sounds very much like a case of mild blackmail.

Why should the New London Board of Trade, or any other commercial organization, give Harvard and Yale a guarantee for rowing a boat-race on their local waters?

In Heaven's name, does not the football season make money enough to support the crews in sportsmanly fashion? And if not, are there lacking Harvard and Yale men to contribute the deficiency? It is a disgrace to college sport that these two universities should be haggling with a town Board of Trade for part payment of their crew's training expenses.

What has college sport in common with boards of trade?

THE Sportsman's Show may primarily be a huge advertising scheme, but it certainly affords pleasing, healthful, and instructive entertainment, such as cannot be found anywhere else for the same money. And I doubt if an entertainment is provided in the year whose influence reaches farther and with more wholesome results. It would be interesting to know how many converts to fishing or shooting or canoeing, or one or another of the forms of out-of-door recreation, follow upon a first visit to these annual shows. Truly they are beneficial. To the untutored they are an interesting object-lesson in the many various and wholesome ways a man or woman may drive dull care away. And they are a boon to the sportsman, who can escape the hum of the city and once again sniff the fragrant balsam and the familiarly insidious odor of buckskin and spruce. Not to mention the renewal of old sporting friends and the stirring of old yarns and scenes half-forgotten.

The show this year was an improvement on every one that has preceded it, and was generously patronized, as it richly deserved. The display of sporting paraphernalia was complete and of highest quality, while an excellent beginning was made in the exhibit of wild-fowl and game fish. This feature should be developed.

COMPLETION of a two years' football contract between Michigan and Wisconsin marks a new era in Western football. It is even more significant to the West than the resumption of football relations between Princeton and Pennsylvania would be to the East. Wisconsin, Michigan, and Chicago have held in the last three years the same dominance over Western college sport that was accorded Harvard, Yale, and Princeton before Pennsylvania took her undisputed position as their peer.

But between Wisconsin and Michigan there have been no athletic relations for now five years, and Chicago has had disproportionate benefits through the simple policy of keeping on friendly terms with both and by having for her playing-ground a field whose gate is worth four times that of any other Western college. Chicago has, in my opinion, taken no more advantage of her fortunate position than either of her sister institutions would have done, though the shifting student managements of the latter would have lost them the advantage far sooner.

On the other hand, Stagg, in his permanent directorship at Chicago, has developed a policy which has given athletic prominence to his institution more rapidly than was ever before attained by an American college.

Wisconsin and Michigan are to play at Detroit in 1899 and at Milwaukee in 1900, feeling themselves forced, through need of the larger gate, to violate all good traditions by going a half-day's journey from home to meet on mutually foreign territory.

Thus does the almighty dollar influence the destiny of college athletics.

WHEREIN lies this necessity of maintaining college athletics upon a basis which local patronage and the loyal zeal of the campus alone cannot sustain? Are we justified in seeking place for sport which the college interest does not warrant?

The late hurry of arrangements between Eastern and Western managers for games which require a week's absence from home, and a season's training in the same proportion of expense, furnishes an easy answer to the first query. Just so long as the more important Western teams believe that to array themselves formidably against the great teams of the East is absolutely the most creditable thing they can do, just so long must Michigan and Wisconsin play at Detroit and Milwaukee, and by their sorry example cloud the real significance of college athletics for all who follow in their wake.

Are we to lose all the traditions of the contests of a few years ago, when the very shadow of the college buildings seemed a part logically inseparable from the whole spectacle? Have the teams of to-day, in the glory of public adulation, found a seemlier arena remote from the campus?

TRUE, they are athletically stronger than their predecessors, but do they any the less belong to the sod of their college town? Are they the less one with their *alma mater*, for all their greatness? Are they to be put so much upon the basis of business and so little on that of college tradition?

Having caught the public fancy, is the debt of our college teams any greater to the public for her dollars than to the institution whose end is the symmetrical development of her young men, and whose allotment of a place in the system which works for that end gave these teams their very *raison d'être*?

With all the advance which has been made in the West in the way of playing a better game and more honest teams, this great ambition for Eastern matches indicates there has been no change in one mistaken idea at least. Perhaps Wisconsin's recently arranged game with Harvard, and Michigan's with Pennsylvania, and the desire of both to play at New Haven, is no indication of retrogression, but it certainly suggests that increased proficiency at the game is bearing fruit in the wrong direction.

FACULTY suppression, sooner or later, is inevitable so far as these seven-day trips in mid-term are concerned, and the pity is that a bit of foresight had not stopped the business before it began.

Firstly, even victory over the Eastern teams would by no means carry the laurels they are supposed to by Western men, since at the dates made the Eastern elevens are certain to view the contests as practice for their subsequent "big" games.

Secondly, for such a match there must be preparation, which entails just that great expense which, I have been saying, enforces an artificial and most regrettable condition, to wit, the primary consideration of the gate.

And lastly, and most important of all, these Eastern engagements are a wide step farther afield from the rational course to which student athletics should be confined. Already eight men out of every eleven on our football teams are dangerously near overdoing their sport, and there is every indication that faculty interference must intervene to get things into right proportion before student common-sense asserts itself.

VISITING the Middle West last week, I made careful study of the rules, recommended by the faculty conference of last November, recently adopted by Wisconsin, and more recently rejected by Michigan. Studying these rules by the light of situations peculiar to Middle-Western sections impels the conclusion—the only one apparent on such reading—that in the main they are good, and should be adopted.

My opinion on this question was persistently misquoted during my trip. I certainly consider the spirit of the rules wholesome, and the letter perhaps a bit intricate here and there, but, on the whole, forceful and comprehensive. And I do not approve, as has been wired around the country I do, Michigan's rejection of them.

Unquestionably, simpler rules would be nearer the sportsman's heart, but the involved sport situations in the Middle West, and the ethical ignorance, do not permit of simplicity.

Agreement on rules by Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Purdue, Minnesota, and concerted action along single lines of ethical endeavor, more than anything else, is responsible for the splendid accomplishments the last four years in the Middle West. In my judgment, it will be most unfortunate if now that harmony is disturbed. It is not yet the time to switch in pursuit of individual ideals, be they never so æsthetic.

Michigan has advanced no convincing reasons—no tangible reasons, indeed—to support her in rejecting the rules that the others have accepted. Fair reading of them reveals no favoring of any one college more than another.

CRITICISM I have but little to make, and that little would touch exception *a* of Rule 4, which excludes from the one year's residence, necessary to all men coming from another college before they are eligible to athletics, "a student who obtains an academic degree before leaving his college." Perhaps I do not exactly understand what is an "academic degree" in the Middle West.

I think, too, that, after all, it will be wisest to abandon all idea of a Board of Appeal such as was contemplated. It would, I fear, be simply impossible to retain it and maintain harmony. Sooner or later there would be accusations of prejudice, and if not so much as that, the trial of an athlete of one college would be pretty sure to plunge the several universities into profitless discussions, if it did not, in fact, find them arrayed for even more acrimonious contest, on one side or the other.

The spirit of this Board was of the best, and the mission it was to serve just and deserving. I am entirely in sympathy with both spirit and mission. It was intended to provide a method of recovering lost amateur standing; to deal intelligently with men who are sentenced to-day for acts committed several years ago, and disqualified because the law-makers have made new and more stringent rules than those in force at the time of the transgression. It was intended to deal fairly with those who in thoughtless, unlearned schoolboy days crossed some of the narrow lines dividing amateur and professional.

It was a Board with not only a worthy object, but it breathed a sentiment that the Middle West must recognize, and recognize immediately.

THE unpardonable sin in amateur sport is competition for money, and no plea of ignorance is tenable. If there are any so benighted as not to know that the jingle of the shilling separates the professional from the amateur—well, let them go to Northwestern for enlightenment. Faculty members there will interpret the ethics of amateur sport in convincing and masterful manner.

But there are a number of college men in the Middle West to-day whose amateur standing was most unjustly taken from them, and to whom reinstatement is as unjustly denied. For instance, in 1894 and previously the rules of the Middle-Western colleges expressly or impliedly stated that coaching, refereeing, or umpiring for money would not affect a man's amateur standing. In 1895 these colleges revised their rules, and agreeing with Eastern colleges, as expressly decreed that coaching for money is not allowable for an amateur.

Now the mistake would appear to have been in making the 1895 rule retroactive; but a thorough knowledge of the much-mixed conditions of Middle-Western amateur sport at that time is convincing that the very best thing was done for its welfare. It was well to take a strong unequivocal stand; indeed, it was absolutely necessary if material progress was to be made in purification.

There should have been some provision that left the disqualified athlete his amateur standing, but it would be hypercritical to hold the legislators of those days to account for incidental failings, when the end sought was so praiseworthy.

EXCEPT where the unpardonable sin is concerned, I am opposed to retroactive rules that take from the college man his amateur standing. In such cases as, for example, those in the Middle West who coached for money when the college rules permitted it—my judgment would be to declare them ineligible to the teams of their colleges (unfortunate and hard luck for the men, though a necessary safeguard), but not to take from them their amateur standing.

This was the purpose, as I understand it, of the Board of Appeal recently proposed. I believe the same end may be reached with equal despatch and perhaps a bit more directly. Let such a rule be added to those recently promulgated, as—a student who coached athletic teams for money previous to 1895 is ineligible to the teams of any college subscribing to these rules, but he shall not forfeit his amateur standing for such offence alone.

And there should be added a line declaring that it is the sense of the rule and the wish of the conference to restore the amateur standing of every man who has been disqualified for that offence and under such conditions. It seems to me this is a duty which the faculty-conference members cannot too soon discharge.

PROSPERITY, healthful and permanent, is sure to come to the Chicago Athletic Association if it holds to the platform on which the present administration was elected. The change in athletic policy of the C. A. A. was certain to encounter opposition and misconception of intention. For instance, no comment has been so general as that the new platform signified for the C. A. A. complete elimination of athletic interests and substitution of social features. This was the theme of the major portion of my Western mail and the text of the criticism I heard while in Chicago. And it starts from an entirely mistaken basis.

The C. A. A. has no intention whatever, so far as I could discover, of discontinuing its interest in amateur athletics. But it is going to institute a search for amateurs for whom it may show that interest. Nor is there any intention of abolishing athletic memberships, but there is firm resolve to put an end to the abuse such privileges have endured since almost first the club entered upon its athletic life.

INVESTIGATION of the athletic membership disclosed offence against the ethics of amateur sport and abuse of the club's good-nature. It was decided best to enter upon its new course from a fresh start.

The obvious intention to keep away from professionalism of even the mildest type is very gratifying. My opinion, which is rather confirmed by decreasing attendance at club games, is that under the previous policy the club pursued general interest in the athletic events in which the C. A. A. participated was being killed—because of the suspicion (often just, sometimes unjust) attaching to the amateur status of the C. A. A. teams. Certainly the majority of the C. A. A. members were not in sympathy with the old course—if their absence from club games bore any significance.

From the present outlook it seems as if the Association was fitting itself to be heard from later in the field of sport for sport's sake. Far from meriting criticism, the C.A.A. has finally got started on the right tack, which, if held, will bring results mutually satisfactory to the C.A.A. and to amateur sport.

The Association has a tremendous opportunity in the great Middle West. It ought to have the finest athletic field and the strongest teams of all kinds of any athletic club in the United States.

APROPOS of my comment on "touring," a couple of weeks ago, I am most pleased to learn that, after all, the Yale faculty did not grant the hockey team's application for extra "cuts," to be used up on the trip to Pittsburg. And I must confess that this particular trip reveals the sportsman's love of his sport for its own sake as much as any instance I have recently run across. These boys left New Haven Washington's birthday, a holiday, and returned Saturday, losing two and a half days of college work. A lightning trip, sure enough. They used on the trip the regular cuts which are allowed every student for social, athletic, and other duties, thereby sacrificing pleasure and convenience at another time that they might participate in this contest between an Eastern and a Western hockey team.

As a student at Yale in the two upper classes is allowed eight, and in the two lower classes six cuts each term out of 150 class-room exercises, and as each athlete must maintain a scholarship rank of 2.25, or $\frac{25}{100}$, above what the non-athletic student is obliged to maintain—we get some idea of the quality of love for its sport the hockey team holds.

On personally conducted tours of this character I have no criticism to make.

Caspar Whitney.

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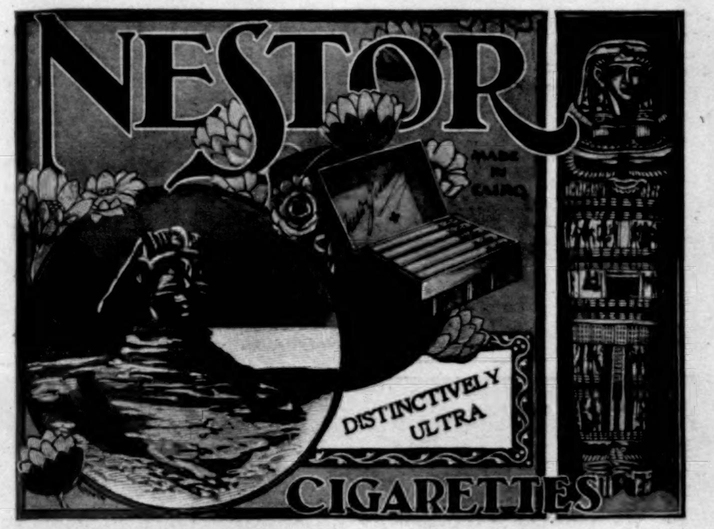

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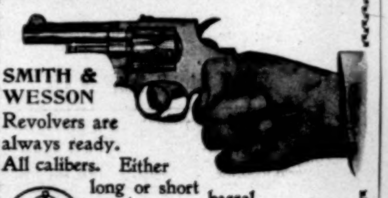

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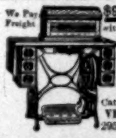

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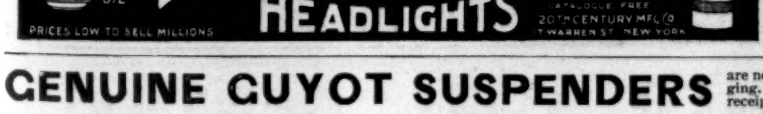

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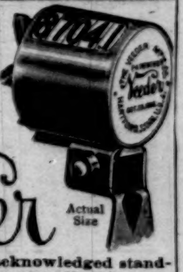

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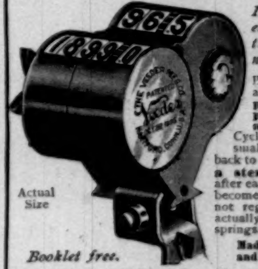

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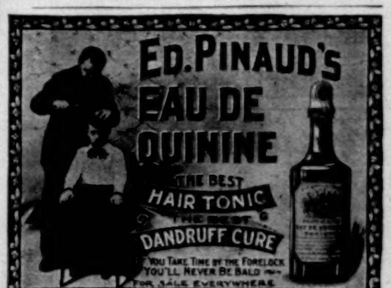

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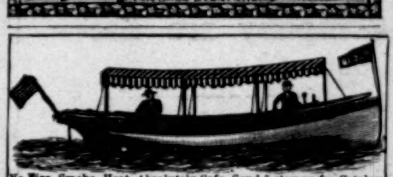

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